THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SLUMBER SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Thou little child, with tender, clinging arms,
Drop thy sweet head, my darling, down and rest
Upon my shoulder, rest with all thy charms;
Be soothed and comforted, be loved and blessed.

Against thy silken, honey-colored hair
I lean a loving cheek, a mute caress:
Close, close I gather thee and kiss thy fair
White eyelids, sleep so softly doth oppress.

Dear little head, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where he meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.

Most like a heavy folded rose thou art.
In summer air reposing, warm and still:
Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart:
I watch thy slumber, naught shall do thee ill!

CATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "VILLETA LINDEN," "THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER," "GENEVRA ST. AUBYN," "BORDER LILY," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FORGED WILL," "BORDER ROVER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FEMALE SPY," "TRAITOR," "FOREST ROSE," "FAIR REBEL," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

"A Merry Christmas to you, my charming little lady! What can I do for you?"

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

There was a sound of shoving bolts; and the door, swinging gratingly back, admitted the man and Ellen into a small, square, damp apartment. The room, however, to the eyes of little Ellen, who gazed curiously around, had some appearance of comfort. It was small; but in one corner stood a bed, occupying about one-third of the space, and a rush mat covered a portion of the ground, and served for a floor. There were two or three chairs, and a small deal table; and against the wall, near the door, stood a large chest, which served both for a seat and cupboard for holding dishes and victuals. In the large fire-place was an old tin kettle, set up on some bricks, and used in lieu of a stove. Some scraps of iron, laid across near the top, supported the coals; while some holes in the side, near the bottom, admitted the air underneath for draught. A good coal fire was burning in this, with a frying pan on top, containing three good-sized slices of ham, the savory odor of which made the appetite of little Ellen feel very keen. On the deal table, without cloth, were a few dishes, some salt in a broken bottle, and a loaf of bread. Besides the fire, a lighted tallow candle, stuck in the nose of a bottle, stood on the mantel-piece; and by the light of this, after glancing at what we have described, Ellen surveyed the features and persons of the two beings in whose company she had been thrown by a singular freak of fortune.

The man was about thirty-five years of age, of stout build, with a face not very prepossessing. His complexion was light, but weather-beaten, and he had reddish hair and sandy whiskers. His eyes were of a pale, faded hue, of a rather sinister expression, and rested upon every object with a kind of suspicious glance, which seemed to be as much the result of habit as nature. He was evidently one not at peace with the world, whose conscience was not exactly at ease, and who regarded the generality of mankind as his enemies. He was coarsely but warmly dressed, and on the whole had rather a rough appearance.

The woman might have been a few years his junior, and had the look of a faded beauty. Her appearance was that of one who, early in life, had commenced a fatal career of dissipation, and whose constitution was already broken and fast sinking under the effects of bad liquor and a loathsome vice. Her eyes, once dark, bright and expressive, were now somewhat dull and swollen, and her face was both pock-marked and bloated. Still she seemed to have some pride, for her dress of faded silk was tidy, her hair was kept in order, and there was a look of cleanliness about her person.

"Well," said the man, throwing himself upon a seat, "I'm glad to see you've got supper under way, Mag, for I'm as hungry as I'm tired. Anybody been here?"

"Jake Allen was here about an hour ago, and wanted to see you—he said he'd be in again in the course of the evening. But who've you brought home with you, Jim?" continued the woman, taking a keen survey of little Ellen, who seemed to shrink under her observation.

"Well, that's more'n I know," answered the other; "but she's somebody the world hain't used very well, I reckon; for I found her planted down by an old door step, as if she'd concluded to make a die on't."

"She's got pretty features," said Margaret, "and these may make a fortune for her one of these days. Come here, my little girl," she continued, in a kindly tone, "and don't be afraid—nobody'll hurt you here."

"Thank you, ma'am," returned the unfortunate child; and as she spoke, the tears, which she strove to restrain, gushed out of her eyes.

"What's your name?" questioned the woman.

"Ellen Norbury, ma'am," replied the child, advancing to the other, who was holding out her hand.

"And a very pretty name it is," was the kind rejoinder. "Where do you live?"

"I don't live anywhere now, ma'am; I used to live with an old woman down by the river; but she beat me so every day, that I couldn't stay, and so I ran away."

"Haven't you got any father or mother?"

"No, ma'am—they're both dead."

"Poor child!" said the other, in a tone of so much real compassion, that little Ellen again burst into tears.

The woman looked at her steadily and sorrowfully for a few moments, and involuntarily sighed—that sigh was given to the memory of happy days, and showed that the germ of something good was still in her heart, though buried deep, perhaps, under long years of vice and crime.

"Well," she resumed, "if you've no home, you shall live with me for the present—that is, if you think you'd like to."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, and thank you too," responded Ellen, with a gleam of joy; "and I'll work hard for you, and do everything you ask me to."

"Well, take off your hood and shawl, and warm yourself, for you must be cold. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, very hungry."

"Poor child!" sighed Margaret, again; "you shall soon have some supper;" and she turned away to attend to the meat.

In a few minutes it was placed smoking hot on the table, and little Ellen was kindly invited to sit up to the humble board. It is needless to say that she did ample justice to what was before her; as also did the man who had conducted her hither; but the woman ate sparingly, and seemed unusually thoughtful and abstracted. From the time of entering the house—if the mean apartment thus inhabited could be dignified with such an appellation—till he had satisfied his appetite, the man made no other remarks than those we have recorded. When he had finished his meal, he drew back from the table, and turned to the fire, at which he gazed with a thoughtful air for some minutes. At length, without looking round to Margaret, he said:

"So, nobody but Jake's been here since I went out?"

"Nobody else," was the answer.

"Did he mention about Bill?"

"He said nothing but that he'd be back again soon."

"I hope Bill will come with him."

"Anything up for to-night?" asked Margaret.

Mulwrack—for such was the man's rightful surname, though he had more than one alias—looked quickly round to little Ellen, and perceiving that she was not observing him, placed his finger on his lips and nodded. Soon after he got up, and beckoned Margaret aside, and the two held a conversation together in a low tone. He then resumed his seat by the fire, and the woman immediately said to Ellen:

"You look tired, child—don't you want to go to bed?"

"I am tired, ma'am," was the reply; "but if I can do anything to help you, let me do it first."

"Not to-night," Ellen," was the kind reply. "You may crawl into the bed there, and to-morrow I'll talk with you. But first," she continued, "you may give yourself a good washing;" and fixing up a temporary screen near the bed, she handed Ellen a wash-basin, a bit of soap, and a towel, and then from a trunk under the bed, she took out a clean, white night-garment, which she gave her to put on when she should have performed a thorough ablution.

In less than half an hour, Ellen had donned a clean night robe, and crept into a bed which had a straw mattress under cotton sheets—a luxury which the poor child had not enjoyed for many a weary night. She now, comparatively speaking, felt happy; day seemed dawning upon night; and the world seemed opening before her a scene that was not all misery and hopeless gloom. Alas! how great must have been the sufferings of one so young, to make her present wretched abode seem a paradise!

Praying, with a heart full of thanks and gratitude, that God would protect her and bless her benefactors, she laid her weary head upon the pillow, and almost immediately sunk into a sound and peaceful slumber.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPECTED QUARTERS.

When Ellen awoke on the following day, she perceived a dull, leaden light coming in through the only window which the apartment contained, and which barely served to make the gloom of the place visible. At first she had to tax her recollection to comprehend where she was, and how she came to be there, and then she looked eagerly around for the occupants of the night previous. To her surprise and alarm, she discovered that she was alone. The door was shut, the fire was out, and the room had a deserted, cold and dismal appearance. Crawling from the bed, she hurried to the door, and found it locked on the outside; this increased her alarm, and caused a shudder of undefined terror to pass through her thin frame; and not knowing better what to do, she hastened back to the bed, and covered herself from the cold air.

While lying there, trembling, and wondering what could be the meaning of this strange desertion of her benefactors, she heard a noise at the door outside; and immediately after, it was thrown open, and the woman Margaret entered, stamping the snow from her feet. Ellen recognized her with an exclamation of joy.

"Have you been alarmed?" asked Margaret, kindly.

"Oh! very much!" answered little Ellen. "I woke up, and finding everybody gone, I didn't know what to make of it."

"I have been to the grocery," said the other, by way of explanation, as she closed the door, and placed a small basket, containing some articles, on the table. "Did you sleep well last night?" she continued, approaching the bed.

"Oh! yes, ma'am—thank you—I never slept better in my life."

"Did you hear any noise in the night?"

"No, ma'am—none at all."

As Ellen spoke, she noticed, for the first time, that Margaret had a black eye, and she was about to make a remark concerning it; but thinking it might give offence, she checked the words as they rose to her lips. Margaret, catching the expression, and divining her thoughts, said:

"You see I hurt myself last night. I accidentally stumbled over a stool, and struck my head against the corner of the chest yonder."

"Oh! ma'am, I'm so sorry!"

"I don't care for the hurt," continued the woman; "only some people might think I'd been fighting."

"Nobody would think that of one so good and kind as you are, I'm sure," returned Ellen.

"Alas!" sighed the other, "I'm not so good and kind as you think—I sometimes wish I were. But, come! you must get up and put on these clothes, which are better than yours, and which I altered for you last night from some old ones of my own."

Ellen, acting from the impulse of pure gratitude, seized and kissed the hand of her benefactress, and, with tears in her eyes, exclaimed:

"Oh! ma'am, you *are* good and kind—don't say you are not! How shall I ever repay you?"

Margaret turned away her face, to hide her own emotion; and going to the basket, she returned with a pair of stockings and second-hand shoes, adding:

"And these, which I purchased this morning, will keep the frost from your little feet; take all as a Christmas present, from one who has little in this world to love, and may you live to see many more, and happier ones than I have!"

The poor, friendless little orphan could not find words to express the swelling gratitude of her heart; and so she threw her arms around Margaret, and burst into tears; and the latter, in spite of herself, wept too; and, for a short time, felt a happiness which she had not known for many a long year. Degraded in vice, criminal in the eyes of the law, a very wretch and outcast whom the world despised, Margaret now felt that she was clasped by innocent hands, and that from one innocent heart a grateful and perhaps acceptable prayer was ascending for her to the Throne of Grace, and that moment became a green oasis in the desert of misery. A light, as if from heaven, for a moment shone on her darkened path, and in guileless little Ellen she felt the presence of an angel. By that one good deed, simple in itself, she felt that a weight of sin was lifted from her guilty soul; virtue seemed to stand before her in a new light, and she wept to think it had so long been a stranger to her heart. Had there been a Mentor by, to seize upon that moment of repentance, and pour words of holy consolation into her vice-bound soul, she might have been snatched, as a "brand from the burning," and been reclaimed; but, alas! left to herself and guilty associations, she looked upon escape from the course she was pursuing as a something impossible, and regarded herself as a being doomed beyond the mercy of God and man.

While Ellen put on her new garments, Margaret made a fire, and soon prepared a frugal repast. To this they sat down by themselves—Margaret merely observing, that Mr. Mulwrack had been called away on business, which might detain him for a day or two.

Scarcely was the meal over, when there was heard the sound of feet descending the steps outside, and immediately there followed a heavy knocking on the door. Margaret started, and turned somewhat pale—but said, in a low tone:

"Go, Ellen, and see who's there?"

As Ellen opened the door, two rough-looking men, well bundled up in overcoats, entered rather unceremoniously, and looked eagerly around.

"I believe," said one, in a gruff tone, addressing Margaret, "this here's the crib of Jim Mulwrack—alias Red Head Jim—alias Peter Dodge—alias what you —— please!"

"What do you want?" demanded Margaret, in a severe tone, with a look of indignant scorn.

"We wants *him*—you know well what we want," replied the man, coarsely. "I say, Spike (to his companion), tumble round that there bed, and don't leave a hole unwestigated as you can stick your finger in—for Peter Dodge, you know, is a prince of a dodger;" and he ended with a broad laugh at his own joke.

"You can search as much as you like," rejoined Margaret, sullenly; "but you'll find nobody here but us."

"Thank you—we'll take the liberty of looking round, since you gin us leave," returned the spokesman, with a grin, throwing himself in a careless attitude upon the chest near. As he did so, his eye encountered little Ellen, who, very pale, and evidently alarmed, was standing in the middle of the apartment, looking alternately at the new-comers and Margaret. "Who are *you?* where did you turn up?" continued the spokesman, eyeing her sharply.

"My name is Ellen Norbury, sir," replied the child, timidly.

"Oh, 'tis, hey! Well, what is you doing here? taking lessons in stealing, I 'spect."

"I don't know what you mean, sir, by saying that," replied Ellen. "I hain't any home, and this kind lady says I can live with her."

"Oh, wery innocent you is—ha! ha! ha!" was the coarse rejoinder. "I say, Spike—here's a innocent as don't know what stealing is."

"Well, she don't, o' course," replied the other, with a coarse chuckle. "Hadn't we better take and larn her, Grubbins?"

"No doubt you *could*," sneered Margaret; "for you look as if you might be masters of the trade."

"Come, none o' your imperdence!" said Grubbins, savagely; "or we'll just fetch you over the coals, for interfering with ossifers as is doing their dooties."

"Brave men, to come here to insult an unprotected female!" rejoined Margaret, nothing daunted, her black eyes flashing defiance.

"I'd just like to know how to go to work for to insult the likes of you, anyhow," chuckled Grubbins. "Eh! Spike! what say you?"

"Well, I would, Grub—*I* would. But the — scamp ain't here, that's sartain," he added, advancing to his companion.

"Maybe there's some of the spile here," was the answer; "let's sarch for that. I'll begin with this here chest, and you take that there bed; and look sharp—that's the word."

The two constables—for such they were by virtue of election, though more fit for dog-catchers than catchers of human beings—now began a vigilant search of the apartment, for stolen property—peering into every nook and cranny, overhauling everything they could find, and strewing the clothing over the damp ground, as if they really took a delight in making themselves as disagreeable as possible. When they had completed this part of their business, which gave them no reward for their trouble, Grubbins took Margaret, and Spike Ellen, and handled them roughly, under pretence of searching their persons.

"Well, Spike," said Grubbins, when he had finished, "we'll make nothing here."

"Not a — thing," returned Spike.

"Then I'll tell you what you can make," said Margaret, scornfully.

"What, my beauty?"

"Why, make yourselves scarce."

"Take that for your imperdence!" said this worthy specimen of an officer; and with the back of his hand, he struck Margaret across the mouth.

Margaret uttered a cry of rage, and looked eagerly around for some weapon with which to revenge the blow; but seeing nothing that she thought would serve her purpose—for she meditated killing the man on the spot—she threw herself upon a seat, and, covering her eyes with her hands, burst into tears.

"Let that larn ye better than to insult us perlice!" muttered Grubbins; and with his companion he deliberately walked out, ascended the steps, and disappeared.

As soon as they were gone, Ellen ran to Margaret, threw her arms around her neck, and tried, by gentle and loving words, to calm her irritated and revengeful spirit.

"You're an angel!" said Margaret, at length, returning the child's embrace; "but for one angel there seem to be a thousand devils." And then she muttered to herself: "If I wanted to be good, I couldn't, so what's the use of trying?"

She got up, and going to the chest, took out a black bottle, put it to her lips, and poured down a large quantity of the fiery poison that was killing her. She then sat down and gazed sullenly at the fire, taking no further notice of Ellen, who, for fear of being thought intrusive, did nothing to break her reverie. A few minutes passed away thus, and then Margaret had recourse to the bottle again. The third time she drained it; and then the effect of the liquor began to be apparent to the eyes of little Ellen, who looked on in sorrow, not unmingled with alarm.

"Here!" said Margaret, harshly, glaring round at her *protegée*, and holding out the bottle with an unsteady hand; "take this, and get it filled with brandy!"

"Where shall I get it, ma'am?" inquired Ellen, timidly.

"I don't care where, so you get it," replied Margaret, crossly; "and be quick about it—for I'm bound to get drunk, to get out of my misery."

"Oh, ma'am, let me advise you," began Ellen—but the other interrupted:

"Keep your advice for whoever wants it. Come, be off, I say, and get the brandy!"!"

"Will anybody trust me, ma'am?"

"Trust you?" sneered Margaret; "are you a fool? Do tigers trust their prey to other tigers?"

"But I have no money."

"Well, you little dunce, I have;" and Margaret drew out her purse. "There," she continued, tossing Ellen some money, "get a pint of the best brandy; mind, now, the best!"

Ellen, without reply, hurried on her hood and shawl, and, with the bottle in one hand and the money in the other, went out, with a sorrowful heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INFECTED DISTRICT.

It was in the very centre of the abominable locality described in the opening of our story that little Ellen found herself when she gained the street for the purpose recorded at the close of the preceding chapter. It was Christmas day—a day of general rejoicing to thousands—but there was little of real joy to be found in a quarter where poverty, drunkenness and crime reigned almost absolutely. A few ragged children were in the deep snow that had fallen, and a few miserable beings, of larger growth, with thin, tattered garments, and dark, dirty, bloated faces, were crawling along, here and there, shivering with the cold.

Little Ellen, a stranger in this place, looked shudderingly around her, with the bottle in her hand, not knowing whither to go to obey the command of her new mistress. While standing thus undecided, a hunchback boy, a few years her senior, crossed over the street, and thus accosted her, with a smile:

"A merry Christmas to you, my charming little lady! What can I do for you?"

Ellen looked at him, and timidly shrunk back. His stature, owing to his deformity, was about the same as her own; but his person was large for his height, and he appeared to be healthy and very strong for his age. His features were regular, bright and animated, particularly his black eyes, which sparkled with an intellect of no common order. His smile, too, was winning, though by it he displayed uneven, dirty teeth. Neither

"Well," he asks, getting impatient, "what has happened?"

The old lady turns on him triumphantly, with his own metaphor.

"Doctor, there is weeping among the angels in heaven over a child born in this house since you went away. Come with me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Peace! come away; the song of woe is often all an earthly song."

So Nellie Childersohn meets and faces the cross of woman's curse, which stands in her life path. Nothing can avail her in this great extremity. Tears, nor passionate reproaches, nor hurried flight out into the storm and darkness can save her this great trial. The cross stands there, turn whichever way she will, and she must pass it or fall and die at its foot.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, she lives; lives and passes on her way rejoicingly, with her child sleeping in her arms.

This is by way of metaphor. In reality she lies in bed in Mrs. Phœbe's parlor, white and feeble and tearful. The light of reason shines once again through her wandering glance. She looks in large-eyed wonder at the tiny morsel of life lying on her pillow; looks at Mrs. Phœbe, at the doctor; then, apparently well contented, she smiles and goes to sleep.

Old Phœbe Rink is a proud and happy woman. Nothing could be finer than are her transports of rejoicing over the beautiful treasure which the wintry storm has thus drifted to her door. She kisses the mother and fondles the baby. She gives up her days and nights to consideration of ways and means by which she may augment their comfort.

Days and weeks pass by before Nellie rallies from the excessive weakness into which long excitement and sickness has plunged her. Not till the spring buds begin to swell on the trees before her window, and the yellow jonquils begin to flaunt in the garden borders, does she leave her room. It is a pretty sight to see her walking about the house, or sitting in the sun, talking to her boy that tender nonsense that young mothers learn so soon. A pretty sight; mother and son! Where did they come from? When and whither will they go? Mrs. Phœbe shivers when by chance this last question occurs to her.

It is a large, fair limbed child. It has large blue eyes, dark blue, as pansies are; and a great plenty of waving yellow hair. The old lady marvels at it sometimes; it lies by the hour together in Nellie's lap, looking up at her with calm wide open eyes. It never laughs, as even the smallest babies are wont to do when something excessively funny—the sort of fun that babies know all about and grown folks don't—crosses their small minds. It does not cry; it is not cross-looking; when Nellie tosses it up and down, singing, in her arms, its lips curve open and shape themselves into a shadowy sort of smile; but it never crows, nor gets animated over its fingers and toes. Altogether, it is a dim, mysterious, silent, exquisitely fair and lovely baby. And Nellie worships it.

It is long before she tells her piteous story. Many times she makes up her mind to do it, and then her courage fails. "To-morrow," she tells herself, "to-morrow will be soon enough." Finally, one day, with her face hidden on Mrs. Phœbe's bosom, with overflowing eyes, she lays her past life bare to the mercy of that gentle judge. She makes no secret of that later, sadder trial. She confesses everything, her love, her sorrow, her passion and despair, and, finally, her crowning weakness—her flight out away from temptation into the mad, miserable night.

Mrs. Phœbe listens in perfect silence. A variety of emotions struggle each for supremacy in the dear old motherly heart.

"For what wrong I have done I have atoned in tenfold suffering," sobs Nellie, with her arms about the old lady's neck. "Oh, do not judge me harshly. Let me stay with you—do not thrust me back into a life for which my strength has proved itself so weak. Oh, the horror of that night when I left the house. I ran on, and on, till I came to the river. I remember trying to fling myself in, and some one caught me and bore me away."

"Thank God for that," interrupts Mrs. Phœbe, kissing the golden hair.

"When I came to myself I was in a boat—in the cabin, with a woman keeping watch over me. I can hardly remember how I got away—it was in the night, at a desolate landing——"

Her voice breaks down with tears. Mrs. Phœbe, lifting her from the floor, gathers her tenderly in the lonely, motherly old heart, which has, for so long a time, been but a tomb wherein its loved ones lie buried.

"You are safe now, child," she says. "Let the past go by. You have got a beautiful hope to live for. You will be happy."

"And you won't send me away?" pleads the young mother. "You will let me stay here with my child a little longer? By-and-bye, when I get stronger I will take our boy to my husband; but not yet—I am so happy here—oh, not yet!"

She shudders as she speaks, and the old, wild look, part terror, part abhorrence and fear, mingled with her fright, comes back into her eyes.

"Let me stay here with you, dear Phœbe. Let me be your daughter. Let my child—my pretty boy be yours, too. We will love him and watch over him together."

It is to be feared that Mrs. Phœbe's moral sense is a little dull, her usually fine perception of justice and the eternal fitness of things, a little turned awry. Perhaps it is apt to be so with us as we grow old. Perchance as we advance steadily into the chilly shadows and barren paths of extreme years, we count our own comforts more, and lose that proud sense of responsibility to our neighbors, which characterizes youth when it is strong, and bold, and daring. We are apt to shut our eyes and not see things.

Certain it is that she is more than willing for Nellie to stay with her. She shudders to think what her home would be if she were left alone again.

But Dr. Peachbloom, when he is made acquainted with the true state of affairs, looks serious; he shakes his head thoughtfully.

"But this is not right, Mrs. Childersohn. You are not doing right. It is quite time that you let your husband know of this."

Nellie shrinks ever so little away from him. She lifts great, sorrowful, blue eyes, with tearful pleading in them.

"By-and-by! I have told you that I shall let him know soon—quite soon, perhaps; but not now. Oh, not now. I am quite safe here."

"But he does not know that you are safe, remember," pleads the good doctor, gently. "He does not even know whether you are living or dead. Think in what an agony of hope each day dawns on him, in what an agony of desolation each night shuts down. It is all wrong—all wrong."

Nellie shivers and clasps her hands trembling together.

"You do not know—oh, you cannot know what has passed—and you think I ought to go back to him. You are so hard to urge it—hard and cruel!"

"But it will be better in the end!" urges the doctor, moved by her incoherent grief. "It will be hard at first, perhaps, but better in the end. Think how he must suffer; think how he loves you."

"But if he loves me he will be willing for me to stay here where I am happy," retorts Nellie.

Then her mood softens. Her lips quiver, soft and grieved.

"I have done wrong. I have been wrong from first to last, through it all. There is no excuse for me—none. I have been weak and foolish, but I have suffered, too. I have been very unhappy."

The doctor is moved by her tender humility. His rugged face grows softer.

"I did not mean to be harsh with you, I was only thinking how I should feel in such a case, if I was an old husband with a pretty wife and boy. It is plain to me now, that in this case I should promptly bring suit against one Doctor Peachbloom and Mrs. Phœbe Rink, for unlawful detention of valuable goods."

"My husband has no love for children," says Nellie, by way of defence. "He never cares for them, nor their society."

"No love for other people's children," pursues the doctor; "but for his own, ah! that is a different thing, is it not?"

Nellie's face flushes softly. A tear hangs on her golden eyelash; she pictures him with his flowing white hair, bending his fond old face with proud love over their child—*their* child. How strange it seems to her, even yet, to be the possessor of that little waif. And he does not dream—does not know, in his far-off home, of the upspringing of this wee life blossom for his riper years.

"Ah! my dear, young mother," the doctor goes on to say. "I am but an unkempt old bachelor, as you see. I have neither wife nor child, nor any of my own kin to love me, or for me to love; but it strikes me that I can point out to you some truths about wedded love of which you are as yet ignorant. If a man loves his wife, he will surely love the child she brings him; you see that, don't you, Mrs. Nellie, now that I point it out to you?"

Nellie, for answer, takes his hand and kisses it.

"And is it right that you should keep your husband any longer in ignorance of your whereabouts—in ignorance of his child?"

But Nellie for answer now, only weeps and rings her hands.

How can she go back to him now? The trail of the serpent lies over all that fair land to which her steps must turn in going back to the old life. The scorching fire through which she has passed has left it sere and brown; the agony is too recent; the memory of it too keen and bitter to endure. Must she go back? Now!

"Do you wish to drive me away from you?" she asks, at length, looking up into the doctor's face.

He starts and turns his eyes away from her. If she looks at him like that he will certainly yield. He carefully avoids the gaze of those great, blue, pleading eyes. They have a hunted look, and the doctor is not quite sure that his tough old heart is as well seasoned as it ought to be, for such attacks.

"Drive you away from us?" He takes the little, slender hand from his arm, and holds it tenderly in his big, brown ones. "Oh, child! child! can you not guess how lonely our life will be when you are gone. I am not thinking of myself when I urge you to go to your husband; I only consider what is due to him."

His voice has a lonely ring in it, and, truth to tell, the doctor feels himself at that moment rather a lonely man.

But Nellie is sure of her ground now. She flings herself on her knees beside him, and with her hands on his broad shoulder, looks up into his face.

"Ah! you do not wish me to go, after all. You will not drive me away, back to the old life of sorrow; not yet, not yet. You will keep me among you a little longer, you and dear old Phœbe. You will let me stay with you."

They sit together looking silently into the fire. Her head rests on his knee, and his broad, brown hand passes tenderly over her clustering curls. It seems to him, as he realizes the state of his mind, that his heart is getting the least bit too much for him—his sense of right is usually pretty strong, but just now it seems to be a little befogged.

The baby in the next room begins to cry. Nellie starts up and rushes away. The doctor hears her voice soothing and cooing. Presently she returns, the boy in her arms, wide awake.

The doctor is watching them earnestly; his face grows ever graver and graver. Not a movement, not an expression of the child's face escapes him.

"Nellie bring your baby to me," he commands, all of a sudden.

Nellie comes forward obediently and places the child in the doctor's outstretched arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE READER has doubtless frequently heard men make the remark, "If I could live life over again, I would live very differently from what I have done." We are inclined to think, however, that most of the decent people who have attained to old age would be quite as apt to agree with a clever old gentleman in Australia, who puts it in the manner following:

I've had my share of trouble, and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to tarry. This I know,
I would live the same life over if I had to live again,
And the chances are I go where most men go.

A WOMAN fascinates us quite as often by what she overlooks as by what she sees.

CHINESE DENTISTRY.

Roaming in quest of novelty through that mine of marvels, a Chinese city, we were once a witness of a strange but not uncommon scene. We had halted in front of the stall of a street apothecary, surgeon, and general practitioner, and were turning over with our eyes his stock of simples, dragons' teeth, tigers' claws, and like drugs used as ingredients in the native pharmacopœia, when along came a man, holding his hand up to his jaw and apparently in great pain. He sat down by the doctor and explained to him that he was suffering with the toothache, to get rid of which he would like to have his tooth removed. The doctor opened his patient's mouth and inspected the aching tooth; then he took a small phial from his stock of medicines, and into the palm of his hand he shook a few scruples of a pink-colored powder. He next licked his finger and dipped it into the powder, and inserting this into the man's mouth rubbed it on the aching tooth and gum. He repeated this three or four times, and then concluded by turning the patient's head upside down; when, to the no small astonishment of many of the bystanders, among whom was apparently the man himself, the tooth dropped out and fell on the ground. The doctor then asked him if he had felt any pain, to which he replied that he had not, and the payment of a small fee brought the seance to a close. At our application the tooth was picked up and very civilly exhibited to us by the owner himself, and was evidently fresh from a human jaw, though there had not been the slightest effusion of blood from the mouth. The thought had naturally suggested itself to us that the whole thing was a hoax, and that the patient was an accomplice; but if so the doctor was no novice at sleight of hand, and the expression of astonishment on the other man's face when he found his tooth gone was as perfect a specimen of histrionic emotion as it has ever been our lot to behold.

THE "WIDOW CLIQUOT."

People who think that the sparkling nectar which they drink with such delight, and pay for so dearly, grows—corks, bottles, brands, and all—on the sunny hillsides, and by the fine-fressed river banks of Ay, Sillery, Verzenay, and Bouzay, are very much mistaken; but not more so than those who believe that the "Widow Cliquot" or "L. Roederer & Co.," manufacture their wine from their own grapes, or from grapes grown in any particular locality. It is true that the Widow Cliquot and others own large tracts of vine-growing lands, but not nearly sufficient for the manufacture of the immense quantity of wine which they produce. Most of the vine lands in the champagne district are owned by small proprietors, some of the pieces of ground which they cultivate not being more than two rods square. The vine is a stunted little plant growing scarcely more than three feet high, and producing a little black grape. But a very small proportion, perhaps not more than one-tenth of white grape juice, is used in the manufacture of champagne wine. The vine-growers sell either the grape or the juice, after pressing it, to the wine manufacturers; and the same grape is accessible to every manufacturer. The growers bring their grapes packed upon the backs of mules to the "presses" of the manufacturers, where they are weighed and a record made of the quantity purchased from each grower. No receipt or acknowledgment of any kind, however, is given; and the custom has always been for the manufacturer to pay one-half the amount due to each vine-grower at the end of six months, and the remainder at the end of the year.

The grape receives four pressings. The result of the first, which is so light that the skin is scarcely crushed, gives almost white juice. The second pressing is more colored, but this coloration almost entirely disappears in the fermentation. The wine of these two first pressings *only* is made into sparkling wine. The third pressing produces a very good red wine, which is the *vin ordinaire* or common drinking wine of the country. The fourth, in which the skins are permitted to ferment with the juice, makes a very common stuff (*piquette*), which is drunk only by those who cannot afford to drink any other.

After the fermentation of the juice, the "mixing," which gives the different brands of champagne their peculiar characteristics, takes place. This does not depend upon any particular formula, the object of each manufacturer being to compose a good wine at as little expense as possible out of the ingredients which he has at hand; and ten or a dozen different kinds of raw wine are frequently used in the manufacture of champagne. The wine remains in cask until the month of April after the vintage, when it is bottled and corked, and put away in racks, piled up like logs of wood, in the immense subterranean cellars of the manufacturers. Here a second fermentation takes place, during which a large number of bottles explode. This is not objected to, however, by the manufacturer, as it is considered an evidence that the wine is good and frisky.

After this fermentation is finished, the wine begins to cloud, and then to deposit a sediment. The bottles are then taken and placed in an oblique position, neck down, in racks; and every day a workman takes up each bottle, gives it a shake with the object of bringing the sediment down near to the cork, and replaces it in the rack, giving it, however, each day a position more nearly perpendicular. This is continued for several months, until the sediment being all deposited, either upon the cork or in the neck of the bottle, it is ready for the process of "disgorging." The workman now seizes the bottle, cuts the string, and the cork flying out suffers just about enough of the wine to escape to carry off the sediment. The bottle is then filled up, a new cork is put in, and stowed away again in the rack.

The last operation for the preparation of the wine for the market, and which takes place two years after the first bottling, is the "closage," which gives the wine the relative sweetness and fineness of flavor required. Each bottle is uncorked again, and into it is poured a little glass of *liqueur*, which is composed of the finest wine and the purest crystalized sugar. It is then labeled and shipped away.

Most of the wine-merchants have their cellars beneath their houses; and these subterranean caverns are some of them two or three flights of stairs in depth, the lowest part being at least ninety feet under ground.

At Epernay, which is situate between hills covered with the champagne vine, are the cellars of Moet and Chandon, which are as extensive as any in the district. Going down a flight of stone steps, you come to a little room, where a guide furnishes you with candles, and shows the way through these catacombs of champagne. The vaults are cut in the solid rock, having been made a hundred and fifty years ago, and are between five and six miles in extent, winding around in labyrinthine mazes, and consisting of two sets of tunnels, one hewn under the other. In all these, bottles of champagne, to the number of about five million, were piled up in racks, and many of them covered with the mould which we could easily imagine would soon cover everything left long in that damp, dark atmosphere.

In that region of country, the highest priced, and the generally acknowledged really best wine is that of L. Roederer & Co. The Widow Cliquot is next in repute; and then comes St. Marceau, and then Eugene Cliquot (who is no relative of the widow), and then the Heidsiecks. The most costly and finest flavored wines are sent to Russia. For England a much heavier one is made, and something between the two for America.

SCRAP-BOOKS AND SCRAP-SCREENS.

Making scrap-books is an amusing occupation. For the roughest scrap-book the foundation may be an old copy-book, or a couple of newspapers folded, stitched together, cut even at the edges, and pasted over with brown paper outside. Pictures from illustrated papers, catalogues, etc., are usually to be had in abundance in these days of pictorial weekly publications. Cut out the pictures and paste them close together on the leaves of the book so as to cover every part, or if any corners and strips are left blank, cover them with bits of colored or silver paper. When the book is filled it still furnishes ample amusement for many evenings to come; indeed, the best part of the joke occurs when, with a box of colors and a few camel's hair brushes the juvenile amateur artists set to work coloring the labor of their hands according to their notion of things in general and good taste in particular. We have seen a family of children, and even some of their elders, amused with making a succession of such scrap-books. Such gifts are a real boon to the little ones of the very poor, who seldom possess toys or books; to children pictures furnish ideas, and silently assist in the great work of education by making them wonder and think, even when they do not inquire or learn much. While the juveniles find amusement in such things as these, their elders, who possess some artistic taste and the ambition to produce a really beautiful object, need not think "scraps" contemptible. Folding scrap-screens are sometimes very handsome. They should be first covered with plain paper, black or colored. Violet, chocolate, and indigo blue make good grounds, but black the best of all. A clothes-horse, covered first with canvas or unbleached calico, and afterwards with paper, may be converted into a screen. Friends who take an interest in the work will generally contribute a variety of colored scraps, such as music frontispieces, valentines, fashion plates, and pictures they are tired of keeping. Fruit, flowers, figures, landscapes, butterflies—in short, any subject is available. Sufficient for the screen should be cut out before application is commenced. Very sharp scissors are needed, for their work cannot be too exact; on this the finish of appearance depends—a white margin left destroys the beauty of a screen. Fruit, flowers, and figures are generally entirely cut out, but a tiny bit of standing ground is sometimes accorded to the latter.

In a landscape too much foreground is not desirable. Little pictures, wreaths, flies, etc., serve to fill interstices between larger objects. Great care must be taken in keeping the scraps after they are cut out, not to damage the fine points and edges which will abound in some of them. Good gum is the best to fix them. To try the effect, fix them all on by a mere corner with a morsel of gum, easily detached without injury to the ground. Formality is altogether to be avoided; the effect ought to be that of perfect carelessness, and the greater the jumble as to size, subject, and antagonistic position, the better. The pictures are never to touch one another, but show the ground and the spaces between, and must harmonize in size (not, of course, in shape), when viewed from a distance. Where too great a space appears to exist, put on a little flower, a bee, a tiny wreath, or any convenient picture. Allow the gum a day or two to dry before applying the varnish. The screen must be locked up in a room quite undisturbed during the latter process, as a touch, or even the imperceptible dust set floating in a room by a person walking across, would jeopardize the beauty of a work that has cost much time and patient labor. Copal is the best varnish, and one coat must be allowed to dry before another is applied. It should be put on with a brush like paint, taking care to draw it down by little strokes close to one another, and not to let it lie thicker in one part than another, but be one smooth, even coat. The coatings should not be repeated too many times, as an undue thickness of varnish renders it liable to crack. As soon as a good glossy surface exists, the work is complete.

NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.—Never was there a phrase accepted as a truism, and puffed into the importance of a proverb, with so much falsehood on the face of it as this. How can a man be his own enemy, without being the enemy of his family and friends? What injury can we possibly bring upon ourselves that is not, in some measure, visited on others, whether the self-abuse be the perversion of talent, the ruin of health, or a waste of fortune?

A PERVERSE fellow may stumble and knock his nose against the ground a hundred times a day, and yet be more obstinate and assured than before; as if he supposed that, like the ancient sons of the earth, he acquired new strength from each fall.

BULWER, in one of his early novels, writing of love says, "Perhaps it would be better if we could get rid of it altogether. Life would go on smoother and happier without it. Friendship is the wine of existence, but love is the dram-drinking."

To grow up to the skies, we must be planted low in the dust.

THE SHAH IN ENGLAND.

At Madame Tussaud's his astonishment knew no bounds. He says: "It is hardly possible to distinguish which are living figures and which wax. I tried to distinguish between real living figures and those of wax, but could not succeed till the women got up, walked and laughed, and then I knew that they were living human beings." He goes once more to the Crystal Palace, specially admires the Jamaica ladies, who "were very handsome and had fine hair," and the figures of animals, which "are made so well, that if a person wishes to look at them, ten days would not be sufficient time." Two balloons are sent off, his portrait is taken, and he leaves the Palace gratified. He goes again to the Albert Hall and buys some paintings—"ten or fifteen" of them. He relates the donkey anecdote, as follows: "I saw a picture of a donkey, and asked, 'What is the price?' The director of the exhibition, who was a clever, white-bearded man, read the price, and said, 'One hundred pounds sterling.' This sum is nearly two hundred and fifty tomans, Persian money. I said, 'The price of a living donkey is at the most only five pounds, why is a painted donkey so dear?' The director said, 'Because it costs nothing to keep; it eats neither barley nor straw.' I said, 'If its keep costs nothing, it also does not carry anything, and cannot be used for riding.' We laughed very much." After apologizing for having written so little of England—"but, really, during a stay of only eighteen days, nothing more could be written"—he says: "With the English everything is in order and well arranged." He thinks that their ways of doing business and of finding something to do leave nothing to be desired. His final notice of England and the English people is, that "the English people were really very annoyed and sorry on account of my leaving them; even while cheering they looked sorrowful."

A GREAT MISTAKE OFTEN MADE.—Boys and men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, soon or late, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

EVERY man no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

LINEN can be glazed by adding a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped white soap to a pound of starch.

Run the buckwheat cake griddle with half a turnip, to make the cakes come off nicely. This is better than fat.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Rub well with whitening moistened with water, applying it with a woolen cloth, and wash with clean water.

IF the sink spout freezes, insert a piece of lead pipe, into which pour boiling water through a funnel. Keep the pipe constantly pressed against the ice.

CURE FOR DIPTHERIA.—For the benefit of our readers we give a prescription sent us by an old lady correspondent, who speaks of it from experience as a never failing cure: Take equal parts of the best sweet oil and clear honey—give a child a teaspoonful every two hours.

CROUP can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife and grate or shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

A PRETTY RUSTIC FRAME.—Cut pasteboard the size and shape you wish the frame, then with glue fasten to it autumn leaves and the various kinds of dried grasses. At the corners let there be a cluster of acorns and at the top and bottom a rosette of leaves and grasses. Photographs and pretty engravings cut from illustrated newspapers look very neat framed in this way. One season will rob the frame of its freshness, but the pleasure it gives while it lasts more than pays for the making.

VELVETS AND BLACK FABRICS.—In the present hard times it is a matter of great convenience to make old things as good as new. Velvets are in great demand for various uses, and by careful dressing over can be restored to nearly their original softness and beauty. Brush all dust carefully from the fabric; then if there is any spots or stains, wet a cloth in diluted spirits of ammonia (say a teaspoonful of ammonia to half a teacup of soft water), rub gently upon the pile and the under side; dampen the whole of the plain side by rubbing it over with a cloth; have ready a large press-stone or press-iron so hot that it will hiss; lay the under side of the velvet upon it—let no pressure come upon the upper side or nap; let it be spread smoothly and lie till the steam has evaporated, and the cloth is perfectly dry. If neither press-stone or press-iron can be had, rub the stove-pipe clean and dry it upon the surface of that by holding it smooth and firm till dry. The velvet will look as fresh and bright as when new. Soiled and crumpled black ribbons can be restored in the same manner. Try it, and your daughters will rejoice over the acquisition to their wardrobe and ribbon boxes. Rusty black lace can be much improved by passing through the ammonia and then stiffened in a weak solution of glue, and gently pulled and straightened till quite dry; it will need no ironing. Be careful and not make it so stiff as to be ungraceful. Any grease or spots upon any black goods can be removed by the use of ammonia, but worsted or woolen fabrics will require more strength of ammonia than those of silk.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE most valuable laces are six in number, of which Brussels is the most precious, and Alencon, commonly called blonde, the least.

DURING 1874, according to statistics of the German Society of New York, 44,391 German immigrants arrived at that port. This is 56,919 less than in 1873.

ABOUT two thousand five hundred advertisements and five thousand dollars in money are daily contributed to the advertising department of the London *Times*.

"OH, JERUSALEM! JERUSALEM!"—Jerusalem would seem to be an unpleasant place for people who don't care to be murdered. More than a hundred murders have been committed there within a year, and not one of the murderers has been punished.

THE amount of salvage awarded to the sailors of the French steamer, Amerique, which had been abandoned at sea, has just been reduced by the Judicial Committee of the English Privy Council, from one hundred and fifty thousand to ninety thousand dollars.

THE sailors in the British navy have food for serious thought. Sir William Palliser asserts that the rivets with which the ironclads are fastened are most unsafe; and Rear Admiral Fishbourne has published a pamphlet showing that a large number of the largest ironclads are liable to founder.

CRETONNE work is something new and extremely pretty, introduced by the Queen of England. It consists of clusters of flowers of exquisite design cut from fine cretonne or chintz, applied to a background of gray linen, and simply wrought on the edges with colors in buttonhole stitch.

A DULUTH paper proposes a railroad on the ice, the whole length of Lake Superior, four hundred miles, and thinks that such a railroad could be laid in the winter, and taken up in the spring. The route would be a dead level, and the ice, which is thick enough in winter to bear trains of cars, generally lasts till spring.

THE art of fattening oysters in artificial beds was first taught by the Romans, feeding-pits being invented about ninety years before Christ. They were first constructed upon the shore of Baiæ, and even as early as the reign of Vespasian the British oyster was deemed famous among the Romans, and thought worthy to be carried into Italy.

THERE is no other work in the world, we are told, of which so many copies are printed annually, as of the Chinese almanac. The number is estimated at several millions. This almanac is printed at Pekin, and is a monopoly of the emperor. It not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are reckoned lucky or unlucky for commencing any undertaking, for applying remedies in diseases, for marrying, and for burying.

A "GINRICKASHA" is a Japanese wagon, two-wheeled, and drawn by a coolie. In Jeddo there are said to be one hundred thousand of these wagons for public use. It costs about threepence an hour to ride in one, and a good "ginrickasha" man will run forty miles a day in a hot sun with a full-grown passenger in the wagon. This conveyance is very much used both by foreigners and the Japanese.

IN Aldenach, on the Rhine, a practical, if homely and unscientific, method of cleansing the pipes which supply that picturesque town with water has lately been adopted. An army of water scavengers, in the shape of eels, is collected in the reservoirs and driven through the pipes. It is reported that the eels come to sight again in a most edifyingly foul condition, bringing with them all the impurities which had collected in the pipes.

THE London *Times* is about to work another great newspaper reform. Composing machines are to take the place of compositors, and each daily issue is to be printed from new type. Instead of distributing the types used, say, to-day, so that the composing machine may set them up for to-morrow's paper, they are thrown into the melting-pot, recast, and transferred to the composing machine. Thus there is no loss of time compared with the other method of hand distribution.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's baby has just received a present of a cradle in silver filigree, lined with pink silk, pink curtains, covered with white lace, held up by an elegantly-chiseled pole, with a charming baby face looking out from a knot of pink ribbons. Princess Beatrice has worked a quilt of white satin for this beautiful cradle, and embroidered the same with roses, so natural as almost to deceive the eye. And yet the little thing cries and needs just as much soothing syrup as other babies.

A NATIVE "THANKSGIVING" DINNER.—It is an old established custom in the Sandwich Islands, for every subject to go, at least once a year, to the residence of the king with a gift. It usually consists of fruit, vegetables, pigs, or poultry. It is a picturesque and even touching sight to see the simple-hearted people, with their voluntary gifts—often nothing more than a bunch of bananas, or a few roots of taro (but the best they have)—thus render homage to their chief. Sometimes a refractory pig, unconscious of the honor about to be conferred upon him, breaks from the ranks, and has to be carried; or an irrepressible rooster begins to crow, giving a ridiculous touch to the picture.

MINING IN CHINA.—For a good many centuries the superstitions of the Chinese have prevented them from developing the mineral resources of the empire. They believed that the interior of the earth was a kind of pandemonium, and that any disturbance in that direction by human hands would let loose a host of devils, to the great peril of the human race. But the experience of the Chinese in the United States has disturbed many of their old beliefs, and among others, that above alluded to. It is now stated that the Chinese government will encourage enterprises intended to develop the mineral resources of the country, though it is not expected that it will emulate the liberality of the American government in opening their mines to the people of all nations. The American government acted on the principle that the value of gold commenced with its circulation, and that it made little difference who performed the labor of taking it from the earth; only in rare cases does it remain long with its finders.

his face nor hands were clean; and his garments, which appeared to have been picked up at different places, were torn and soiled, as if he had been in the habit of sleeping in them in damp, filthy lodgings. An old moth-eaten cap, with the front piece torn off, surmounted a head of shaggy, matted brown hair. A kind of sack-coat, buttoned across the breast, but not so as to entirely conceal the bosom of a dirty shirt, came down to his very heels; and a pair of trowsers, a world too large, with the legs rolled up to a suitable length, were fastened around and above his waist with strings. A large old boot on one foot, and a shoe on the other, completed his attire; though in picturing to yourself his personal appearance, you must not forget the hump on his back, which, with his short neck and bent head, rose almost to the level of his cap, and made him a very unsightly object.

But as if repenting of her first design, or to compensate him for the hideousness of his form, nature had endowed him with an intellect beyond his years, and given him a smooth, musical voice, by which, with his comely, expressive features, he could, if he chose, render himself very agreeable. Shrewd, cunning, and an apt scholar, though without book education, he had, in his intercourse with the better classes—for he sometimes peddled small articles about the different hotels, carried trunks and ran of errands for the wealthy—picked up a language, which, for its purity and grammatical construction, was so much superior to the low, obscene, and profane slang of his associates in this vile region, that they, in sportive derision, had affixed to him the *sobriquet* of Nabob Hunchy, which had been subsequently shortened to Nob Hunchy, and finally to plain Nob.

Now the peculiarities of this poor youth—his deformity, his comely features, his intellectuality, his soft, musical voice, and his superior language—had made him an object of deep interest to many a kind, sympathetic heart; and many a silver coin had been given him in pity, and more than one had attempted to reform him and permanently better his condition. But without being a deeded villain, he was a sad rascal after all. Money on him was literally thrown away; for he had a passion for strong drink, which consumed nearly every coin that came into his possession. To get drunk was the chief aim of his existence; and no moral persuasion, no judicious correction, no self-resolution, could effect a reform. Drunkenness was in his nature, a fixed fact—a part, as it were, of his very being—probably inherited with the life principle. As surely as the sun set upon him with money in his pocket, so surely it rose upon him in a state of filthy intoxication. Twenty times already had he been sent to the County Prison for inebriety—but he only got out to get back again for the same offence.

In view of all these things, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the bottle carried by Ellen, with the hope of getting a taste of his favorite poison, had caught his attention and attracted him to her side.

Perceiving that Ellen, in shrinking back, regarded him with compassion, mingled with aversion, he said, in a soft, gentle tone, with another winning smile:

"Come, my little lady, you are as pretty as I am ugly—but God made us both, and probably we both have kind hearts—*you* have, at least."

Ellen was touched by his language, his kind manner, and gentle voice; and she answered, somewhat mechanically, with her eyes fixed upon his black, sparkling orbs:

"What do you want with me?"

"Why, you seem to be a stranger here—at least I never saw you before—and perhaps I can be of service to you. You are going somewhere with that bottle."

"Oh, yes—I want to get a pint of the best brandy, for my mistress," replied Ellen, quickly—"but I don't know where to go."

On hearing this, the eyes of the hunchback sparkled with pleasure.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you a first-rate place, where you can get liquor good enough for the President."

Ellen hesitated a little at first, but not knowing better what to do, she finally set off under the guidance of her strange companion.

"Hello!" shouted a boy, from a group of three or four on the opposite side of the street, "there goes Nob for a new drunk, by ——!"

"I say, little gal," called out another, "don't let him git a swig at that ther' bottle, or he'll see the bottom!"

"He'd spile a barrel, that ther' Nob!" cried another, rounding off with an oath.

A shout of laughter, and a shower of snow-balls, one of which struck Ellen on the back, followed this last remark.

"See here!" said the hunchback, turning round, and shaking his fist at the juvenile party, "the next one of you that throws a snow-ball this way, will have to settle the matter with me—and you know I don't forget."

He was answered by a shout of derision; but no one had the temerity to disregard this warning—for Nabob Hunchy was strong, muscular, active and courageous, and, when his blood was up, a perfect tiger. Besides, as he said, he never forgot an offence, as many a boy, bigger than himself, could testify, who had been severely punished, days, and even weeks, after the provocation.

"Don't mind those boys," he said to little Ellen, in a kindly tone, as they picked their way along through the snow; "they are bad boys, never had good bringing up, and don't know any better; but they shall not harm you while I'm about."

To hear him speak, one might have thought him a pattern of morality, invested with a legal power of protection.

Entering Sixth street, they walked on a short distance, and then turned down Small—a street more vile and wretched in appearance than any Ellen had yet seen. Here were a few drunken men and women, and several groups of noisy boys, the most of the latter engaged in snow-balling each other. Ellen began to grow alarmed—the more so, that she perceived her companion and herself were objects of general notice, and that their appearance together excited universal derision and ridicule.

"There goes drunken Nob!" cried one.

"A regular rum cove!" cried another.

"What's he got in tow?" queried a third.

"It's an angel, by Jiminy!" said a fourth.

"Old Nick's gone towing an angel!" yelled a fifth.

"Let's cool Old Nick's son with snow-balls!" vociferated a sixth.

At this there was a shout of approval, mingled with loud laughter, and followed by a shower of the frozen missiles, several of which struck Ellen and her companion, but without doing either any injury. Ellen's alarm, however, was increased at this fresh display of general dislike for her unfortunate guide, and she exclaimed, hurriedly:

"Oh! let us go back! I'm so afraid."

"Never you fear—I'll take care of you," was the reply; "and besides, we are almost to the place."

As they hurried along, the boys hooted; and a group, with a tall youth acting as leader, finally interrupted their peaceful progress.

"I say, Nob," began the tall lad, striding up to the hunchback, and speaking in a dictatorial tone, "what is you going to do with this yere little gal?"

"That is my business—stand out of the way!" said the deformed boy, a bright, sullen light gleaming from his black eye.

"Ho! ho! I'll show you to teach you manners to your betters!" replied the other, seizing the collar of Nabob Hunchy.

As quick as lightning, the latter sprung back, and then striking the tall youth with his head in the pit of the stomach, stretched him at full length upon his back.

"A fight! a fight! hooray!" cried several voices, in tones of delight.

But the hunchback knew too well his advantage to let the affair end in a fight; and so, gnashing his teeth with fury, he leaped at once upon his fallen insulter, and literally ground his face beneath his feet, thus putting an end to the expected combat.

"Who next?" cried the deformed champion, glaring furiously around upon the youthful bystanders, all of whom shrunk back, with looks of dismay.

Taking advantage of the momentary awe which his unexpected success had occasioned, the hunchback instantly seized the hand of the terrified Ellen, and darted forward. Before she had time to recover from her surprise, alarm and confusion of ideas, she found herself pushed into a dark, gloomy apartment, crowded with human beings, and rank with the fumes of tobacco.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NELLIE'S REPENTANCE.

BY LOUIE BROWN.

"I will not, Norman!" and Nellie Wilde brought her little foot down upon the carpet with a force that shook all her bright golden hair from under its little lace morning cap, and sent it rolling in golden shimmering waves over her shoulders.

There was a light in her blue eyes which her husband had never before seen there; and the fresh red lips which had always greeted him with smiles were parted over the white teeth with an expression of unmistakable scorn.

"It is cruel and exacting of you, Norman, when you know how much, how very much I like Mrs. May, and how fond she is of me. It is selfish to ask me to give up the society of my best friend, just to gratify a capricious whim of yours."

And Mrs. Wilde burst into tears.

It was not in Norman Wilde's nature to see a woman's tears, unmoved. It is scarcely that of any man, when the tears are those of his own wife, and that wife one so fondly loved and tenderly cherished as Nellie. His habitually grave and quiet voice was full of troubled tenderness now, as he bent over her, and said, in tones of gentle remonstrance, "Nellie!"

"Don't, Norman!" was the pettish answer, as she turned away from the caressing touch of his hand upon her soft golden hair. "I am not a child to be tyrannized over one moment, and coaxed and petted into good humor the next."

Selfish, cruel, tyrannical! It was too much.

Mr. Wilde took his hat with that indescribable air which injured husbands know so well how to assume, and left the room. With a slow step he passed down the stairs and into the street.

Something weightier than the great lawsuit of "Robart *versus* Long" pressed upon the spirits of Mr. Wilde, as he walked slowly down the street that bitter winter morning; and his head clerk, Richards, to whom an honest lawyer was a paradox, and law a sublime mystery, thought, as he watched him from the office window, that some new legal statement must have taken possession of his brain to make him walk at that pace, when the thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero.

"Ma'am," said Kate, putting her head in at the door of Nellie's room, "Mrs. Lyon would like to see you directly, if it's convenient."

"Very well, Kate."

And Nellie, after arranging her hair, and bathing her face, proceeded to her aunt's apartment.

"How do you feel this morning, auntie?"

"Very cheerful, very contented, my child," was the invalid's reply, as she looked up into the innocent, girlish face that bent over her couch. "I should be ungrateful, indeed, if, after all the affectionate care lavished upon me by my nephew and his wife, I should be otherwise."

Some shadows resting upon the usually happy face, caught Mrs. Lyon's attention. She loved Nellie dearly, not less for her loving kindness to her, than because she was the wife of her nephew, the only infallible mortal, in Aunt Ruth's eyes, that the world contained.

"Are you not well, Nellie?"

"Quite well, auntie."

"You are unhappy, Nellie?"

There was no answer; but Nellie's lips quivered, and two large tears gathered beneath the heavy drooped lashes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My dear child, I am surprised, grieved to see you thus. Can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, auntie, Norman is so selfish, so unkind."

"Nellie, tell me one thing—have you quarreled?"

"Yes."

"And parted in anger?"

"Yes."

"Go to him, my child, and be reconciled. If Norman has erred, he will see his fault; if you have, it is all the more fitting that you should seek a reconciliation."

"Never!"

"Hush, Nellie. I will tell you a story—a true one—about a husband and wife who parted in anger, and never spoke to each other again. It is a terrible thing to anger those we love, Nellie. This man, whom I shall call Robert, was a proud man, grave and self-possessed in his manners, commanding as a king should be, nobler than any king that ever lived, Nellie, and far, far handsomer. Some thought him stern, but there was one who never found him so, and, though he might have been cold to others, he was all love and tenderness to her."

"His wife, aunt?"

"Yes, Nellie. He loved her with a strength and depth of affection of which few men are capable. Why he loved her with such passionate devotion, I never could see, for she was a wild, thoughtless girl, exacting and willful—great faults they must have seemed to one as thoroughly self-disciplined as he was. Perhaps he divined, what she never knew herself till afterward, her deep love for him. They had been married but a few months. They had thus far been very happy, for he was, oh, so tender and thoughtful toward her, and she thought she had overcome her faults in her great happiness. They were not overcome, however. One morning, he told her that he was going away to Vernon, and should not be back for two or three days. Vernon was the place where she had always lived till her marriage, and her mother still resided there. She wished to go with him, but he told her it would be impossible. She persisted, and he refused, but without giving his reasons. She grew very angry at his immovable calmness, and said bitter, cutting words, that would have maddened a man less able to control his temper. But he controlled himself. This exasperated her more, and she grew more sarcastic and provoking, but, though he grew pale with anger, he gave her not one angry word. She refused to say good-bye when he went; and thus they parted, never to meet again on earth."

"Oh, Aunt Ruth!" whispered Nellie, with paling cheeks.

"After he had gone, her anger all died away, and she thought she would follow him and ask his forgiveness, for the thought of his calm, cold scorn, nearly crazed her. She hastily put on her bonnet and cloak, and reached the station just as the train had gone. It was too late. Another train would leave in an hour, and she waited. When she was once on her way, she grew nervous and frightened. She was afraid he would be angry with her for following him, and the day's ride was a slow torture to her. When she arrived at Vernon it was dusk, and there was a crowd gathered round the station, seemingly under some strong excitement. A terrible fear of something, she knew not what, took possession of her as she stepped on the platform. She soon found out what had happened. A man on the other train, in stepping off, had, in his hurry, caught his foot, and fallen on the line. The train was in motion. Oh, Nellie! her repentance came too late!"

There was an agony in Aunt Ruth's voice which flashed a sudden suspicion across Nellie's mind.

"He had heard that her mother was very ill with the small-pox, then raging in Vernon. He did not wish to pain or frighten her with the news till he had ascertained the truth of the report. This was the reason he refused to let her accompany him; this was why he could give no reason for the refusal. Tender and forbearing to the last!—and she—oh, how had she repaid him!"

"And what became of her, auntie?"

"She took the disease from which his care would have guarded her, and for long weeks lay balancing between life and death. She prayed for death, but her prayers were not answered. Some portion of her former strength came to her, but health never. She has never left her couch since that terrible day; but, in the tender care of his nephew, who is as like him in disposition as in form and features, she has found content."

Nellie knew now whose story she had been listening to.

"No wonder she loves Norman so much," said the little wife to herself, as she wiped her tearful eyes, and stole out of the room.

* * * * *

"A client, sir; a lady wishes to see you," said Richards, as he put his head into the dusty office where Mr. Wilde sat leaning over a table covered with papers which were scattered about in lawyer-like confusion.

"Very well, Richards."

And Mr. Wilde rose, and walked into the front office, where a little fur-muffled figure sat awaiting him. As he closed the door, Nellie sprang forward to meet him.

"Nellie!"

"Oh, Norman!" and she clung to him, sobbing. "Forgive me! I will never speak to Mrs. May again."

"She is a bad woman; not a fit associate for my little artless wife. I *know* this, else I had not asked you to give her up. And you came all this distance in the bitter cold to see me about it! My little Nellie!"

And he kissed her fondly.

"Norman,"—and she clung closer, sobbing still—"I have suffered so much! Forgive me, and we will never part in anger again!"

"My own darling, never!"

And they never did. Through the long and happy years of married life which followed, no word of unkindness or reproach passed the lips of either, and they often spoke of this happy termination to their first and last quarrel.

ABOUT WATCHES.—In his "Treatise on Watch Work" Mr. Nelthropp states that more watches are spoilt by irregular and hasty winding up than by most other causes; the operation should, if possible, be performed regularly, and always with a steady and uniform motion, not moving both hands, and nearly as practicable at the same hour daily. A watch should also be kept at the same temperature; left over night on a stone surface it is sure to gain, or, if the oil gets thickened it may stop, to be started again by the warmth of the pocket. The requisites of a good watch are that the case, whether of gold or silver, should be correctly made and of fair thickness, the hinges close and smooth, the glass well-fitted, the dial of clear, bright enamel, the seconds sunk, and the whole of good weight when held in the hand. When, too, the dome is opened—for it is better, says Nelthropp, that a watch case should be so made, though more expensive—the brass work should look well-finished, the edges smoothed off, the steel of a diamond-like polish and the jewels pale in color, but of a fine, clear lustre.

A SONG FOR MY LOVE.

BY W. GRAY.

Your mind is a garden of flowers,
The brightest that ever could grow,
Refreshed by the rainiest showers,
Each drop like a diamond doth glow:
And the breeze, as it plays through your bowers,
Stays sighing, reluctant to go.

Your heart is the home of a beauty
Delightful, and almost divine:
A wild and irregular beauty,
Whose softness and anger combine
To lure all mankind from their duty,
To follow the worshiped sign.

Your soul, as it wrestles within you,
And longs for the time of release—
As it shrinks from the breath of the sin you
Send, shameful, away from your peace—
Is an angel from heaven to win you
And carry where sinning will cease.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER,

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 44. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The seasons bring the flowers again,
And bring the firstling to the flock."

Backward spin the sands of time. Days, weeks, months, backward. Let us see, meantime, what has become of Nellie Childerssoln.

High up, among the hills that border the upper Hudson, and well back in the country, where on the peaks of desolate cliffs the whistling pine tops seem to get nearer to heaven, stands an old brown brick mansion. It is a noble old house; its windows command a fine view of the country about; it has two massive red chimneys that stand, like sentinels forever on guard, looking east and west; and a great, deep, winding porch, round which, this winter day, the dried rose branches and creeping vines rattle ghostily.

This house is the property of Mrs. Phœbe Rink. Mrs. Phœbe has no husband. She had one once; but he died, a matter of twenty years ago, or more, leaving her this noble property—this house, with its commodious out-buildings, this well-wooded and watered land that sweeps to eastward clean over to the Massachusetts border. Mrs. Phœbe has no children. She had three—two of them were sons, but both in the prime of youth have been carried to the grave. She had—ay, has a daughter, too! a daughter who, though dead is not yet buried—are there not deaths a thousand-fold more sad than those which the gaping tomb shuts over and hide from sight.

The country people round about tell wonderful stories of the warm, bright beauty, the passionate nature and the willful ways of old Phœbe Rink's daughter. One day she crossed the threshold of the old farm-house, and never came back again.

Meantime, her name is never mentioned; her picture, shrouded in black, hangs in old Phœbe's bedroom, and old Phœbe waits patiently the coming home of the wanderer. Day and night she prays. Surely, surely, some time she will return; the old house is kept open. The door is never shut.

There are people, strangers mostly, who speak slightingly of Mrs. Phœbe; but those who know her best, say that no nobler heart ever beat than the one which throbs in Mrs. Phœbe's bosom.

This afternoon she seems to be in a state of unusual excitement. She looks out of the window, walks to the parlor door, and stands there a moment listening, sometimes goes in, on tiptoe, as children do, then comes back, and with an anxious face resumes her watch by the window overlooking the hilly road that leads past over the hills to the nearest town.

"He must be coming soon," she mutters. "I am sure I saw him pass this morning, on his way to the village."

Her watch, like faith, has its perfect reward at last. Over the brow of the hill, drawn by a single big bay horse, sweeps, right in the teeth of the wind, a sleigh. It is scooped out ridiculously low at the sides, but takes its revenge in a head and tail of inordinate height in proportion. The occupant of this strange looking vehicle is well wrapped up in robes and furs. His name is Dr. Peachbloom; and he is the country physician.

Straight on he sweeps toward the house. When Mrs. Phœbe catches sight of him, she snatches up a towel and runs out on the porch, carefully shutting the door after her.

"Hi! hi! Say there, doctor! Stop! I want you!"

She waves her towel, her apron, frantically. The wind rises to a piercing whistle, utterly drowning her voice. The snow, light as air, is caught up in blinding clouds, that eddy and whirl and are carried on and hurled full in the doctor's face.

He does not hear her. Does not see her. He is coming swiftly up. He will soon pass the door, out of sight.

"Doctor! doctor! Stop, stop! I want to see you! hi-i-i!"

Mrs. Phœbe fairly jumps up and down in her excitement. She can get no further than the porch steps, unless she plunges waist deep into the great drifts of snow which, all day long, the wind has been busy in heaping before her door.

Fortunately, at this last signal, the doctor hears something like the faint moan of a human voice, through the shriek of the storm. He looks up. Mrs. Phœbe waves her towel with violent pantomime.

"Bless us all!" says Dr. Peachbloom, to himself, in astonishment. "What can be the matter with Mrs. Phœbe? Turn about, Corporal."

He wheels his horse sharply around, and trots smartly up the road to the windward side of the buildings. Fastening Corporal and giving him a loving pat, he takes his medicine-box and advances.

Mrs. Phœbe herself meets him at the door. Her face has something of an anxious look, and she raises a hand, cautiously.

"Hush! be as quiet as possible. You can put *that* down," contemptuously indicating his medicine-box. "And be sure you brush every particle of snow from your clothes. We can't afford to have you bringing chills into the room with you."

Dr. Peachbloom looks quizically into the old lady's ruddy face, as he lingers by the door, stamping the snow from his boots.

"Well, Mrs. Phœbe, what is it? What is the matter now? Softening of the brain, brought on by overwork and intense application to cabbages——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" snaps Mrs. Phœbe.

"Ha! nerves, then. I knew you would have to confess it some day; nerves, Mrs. Phœbe?"

"Nerves!" retorts the old lady, who is busying herself brushing snow from the doctor's back where he cannot reach it. "Who would ever accuse me of having nerves. Don't be foolish, doctor!"

"Don't be foolish, doctor!" joins in a quick, grum voice from somewhere over their heads. "Don't be foolish, doctor! Go to the devil!"

"Hum!" says the doctor, looking up, twinkling.

It is an immense green parrot which thus, from its cage close by, contributes, unexpectedly, its quota to the conversation.

Mrs. Phœbe hastens to bring the parrot a piece of apple, with a view to bribing it into keeping the peace.

"You must not speak in that way, Gobbo!" she says. "It is not respectful; is it, doctor?"

"Not respectful!" mimics the parrot, hopping about, and excited by the entrance of a visitor. "Not respectful! Is it doctor, doctor! doctor-r-r——"

Mrs. Phœbe strives in vain to quiet its. Finally, as it persists in hopping up and down on the wires, she brings a shawl, and spreading it over the cage reduces him to a state of humiliating silence.

"It is one my poor Jimmy bought," she says, softly: "he left it with me when he went to sea that last time; and though his talk is sometimes dreadful, I can't bear to part with him."

There is a tear in her fine old eyes; silence follows a moment after.

"Well," says the doctor, speaking up briskly, "we are losing time, and my patient is not yet brought forward. You have not told me who of your family are sick?"

"Sick!" she retorts, getting back her spirits at once. "Do you think if we were sick we should have called you in?"

"Bless us!" clamors the doctor, from outside the door through which she has thus, metaphorically, thrust him, into the cold. "I am to lose my fee, then, after all; am I, Mrs. Phœbe?"

Before Mrs. Phœbe can answer, a low, moaning cry sounds from the inner room. The doctor hears it and pricks up his ears. Mrs. Phœbe hears it and her face changes at once, growing grave and stern in its ruddy old beautifulness.

"Are your clothes quite dried?" she asks, of the doctor.

"Quite. I am thoroughly warmed."

"You are sure there is no chance of giving a chill?"

"I am quite sure," he answers, keeping his gravity perfectly.

"Then come with me."

She turns and leads the way into the inner room; the doctor follows, curiously impressed by her air of mystery.

It is a large old room, plain and handsome, if you can reconcile yourself to such a contraction of terms. It is plain, because there is not much in it; it is handsome, because the plain things in it are so expressive of warmth, and loving care and home-like sweetness.

In the middle of the floor is drawn a large bedstead, and in the bed lies some one, moaning. Mrs. Phœbe walks up and beckons the doctor.

"Come and tell me what you think of her," says Mrs. Phœbe.

The doctor looks. He sees under the coverlets the outlines of a slender woman's figure. He sees on the pillow a small white face, fair as a snowdrop, and surrounded by a glory of waving yellow hair.

The blue eyes looked at him unreasoningly, and the small slender fingers pick unceasingly at the cover over her. She moves her fair head restlessly. Her lips move in voiceless whispers.

"Who is she?" asks Dr. Peachbloom, after a brief survey of the situation.

Mrs. Phœbe shakes her head.

"That is more than I can tell you."

"I am so tired!" the patient whispers.

They bend quickly over her, in order to catch the faint, hardly audible words.

"I am so tired! Let me rest!"

The doctor and the old lady look at each other.

"Where did she come from?" he asks.

Mrs. Phœbe points out into the snowy hillside road.

"She came from there this morning!"

The doctor purses up his lips into a contortion expressive of the most unbounded astonishment.

"On foot? and alone? You don't mean to tell me that?"

The old lady nods.

"But I do. I saw her making her way slowly against the wind and snow. I watched her while she fell twice in the drifts—then I went to meet her. I brought her into the house in my arms."

The doctor looks, first, admiringly at the stout and straight old figure before him; next, anxiously and forebodingly, at the tossing form under the white coverlets. His eyes soften.

"Poor thing! poor thing! She has lost herself," he says, quaintly.

"Hush!" says Mrs. Phœbe. "Listen to her. She is talking again."

The golden head moves restlessly from side to side on the pillow.

"I am so tired! Oh, why are you so cruel! Why will you not let me rest!"

She is silent for a moment. Then the blue eyes open wide, and she stares wildly about her.

"I tell you I can bear it no longer. I will not go a step further. You are cruel to tempt me so. I am tired—so tired!"

As the inexpressible weariness that sobs through these last words smites on their ears, tears rush to the eyes of the two watchers about the bed.

"She has had some great trouble," whispers the doctor, "from which she has run away."

"Is she—*insane*—do you think?" asks old Phœbe, in an awe-struck voice.

"She is delirious at present," he says, briefly. "It may soon pass away."

The blue eyes stare up at them from the pillows with a hard, cold gleam in their brightness.

"On and on," she whispers, with an expression that sends the blood curdling through old Phœbe's veins—"on and on. You would have it so—and *he* was watching us. You would not stop!"

The watchers listen eagerly, hoping to get some glimmer of the real truth through all this delirious prattle.

"On and on through the snow. It was so cold—so bitter cold! The storm was like an old man with white hair, always following me. I could not escape from him. He was behind me, before me, on every side, as I ran. And I was so cold—so cold and tired!"

She gives a long, tired sigh, and then, turning her cheek to the pillow, seems for a while to slumber. When her eyes are shut, when her features sink into rest, and are no longer animated by the working of her imagination, they can see how worn she looks, how fragile and exhausted.

The doctor holds her thin hand in his. The pulse is not so bad as it might be, and old Phœbe is a good nurse, and has had her hand well tried in the last few years. No danger of anybody dying, if life can be kept in them in any way, when she has them in charge.

"How do you think she could have got here? and where could she have come from?" queries Mrs. Phœbe.

The doctor shakes his head.

"There is some mystery about it. She has evidently run away from her home, where she has experienced some trouble, in an access of delirium. It is not an uncommon thing—the delirium I mean—with those of her temperament. She may possibly have found her way up the river in a boat, and then wandered inland. The best thing I can say for her at present is, that she is most fortunate in having fallen into your hands, Mrs. Phœbe."

Mrs. Phœbe puts back the golden hair, and, bending over, she kisses the unfortunate wanderer's white cheek with dear motherly love.

"Poor thing!" she murmurs; "poor thing!"

The doctor walks back into the kitchen, but the old lady lingers. The fair, pale face has a sort of fascination for her. She takes up the slender hand, on which the ring slips round and round on the wasted finger.

"She shall not suffer for want of any care I can give her."

Dr. Peachbloom is sitting by the fire when she goes out. His hands are thoughtfully crossed on his knees, and his forehead is puckered up in a manner to give him a careworn look.

"Well, doctor, tell me what you think about this case?" she says to him, bravely.

The doctor looks up at her steadily. He draws one finger across his forehead, as if hoping, in that way, to straighten out his somewhat confused ideas. His roughened brows contract so that they do not look pretty.

"I have read somewhere of a beautiful belief which the ancients held to. I cannot give it, word for word, but it was to the effect that the angels weep when a child is born, and sing when an old man dies."

"Well?" the old lady responds, tartly.

"Well, I am afraid there will be weeping among the angels in heaven, over a child born in your house, to-night, Mrs. Phœbe."

There is silence for a time between them. The old lady is putting the very best face she can on the matter. She does it smilingly, too. She is a stout old warrior, and is not to be frightened by a little skirmishing fire. Finally the doctor looks up.

"Are you all alone here?"

She nods her head. She is all alone.

"How unfortunate! Where is Jock?"

Jock is the man of all work. He sees to everything, and does everything out of doors, subject to Mrs. Phœbe's rule.

"Jock has gone down the river with grain. He went away before daybreak this morning. He will not be home till to-morrow."

"Dear, dear! how unfortunate! But where is Nora?"

Nora, who is Jock's wife, and Mrs. Phœbe's indoor servant, has gone with her husband. The house is left quite alone.

"Well, well! there is no other way that I can see, but for me to stay with you. It would be quite out of the question to think of leaving you here alone with that burden on your hands, though you are a brave old soul, too. Can you give me and Corporal a taste of supper, Mrs. Phœbe? We are both hungry."

The hours whirl by. The sufferer moans, tosses, then grows quiet. She seems to be neither better nor worse. The stout old warrior, who keeps her tireless vigils by the sick woman's side, feels her blood grow cold at times, as those ceaseless mutterings fall from those pallid lips.

"I am tired, I am tired. Let me rest!"

Once she throws out her hands and cries fiercely:

"Why does the music never stop. It flows on and on, and it bears us out, on its circling waves—out—and out—and away!"

After this she grows quiet. Midnight comes, it strikes, and is gone. Dr. Peachbloom, who has been sleeping by the fire without, rises and comes to the bedside. He looks at his patient and meditates. He turns to Mrs. Phœbe.

"I do not think there is likely to be any immediate change. You might as well go to bed and sleep till morning. The prospect is that she will sleep, too, for she will need rest after such long excitement. There are some things it is absolutely necessary I should look to, over home, and I will go now; I shall most likely return before she stirs again."

The old lady looks at him and nods; her ruddy face appears to be a trifle aged by her unaccustomed vigil, but her smile is tranquil and reassuring.

"I will leave a soothing potion with you to be used if needed," says the doctor, as he makes preparations to go. "But I do not apprehend any need for it. You are sure that you do not mind being left?" he goes on to ask, hesitating.

She turns her bright old eyes on him. The ruddy old face flushes grandly in the dim candle light.

"Do you think I can be a coward, now? I stayed in this house alone, many a night, with one dying boy. Oh, my boys! my boys!"

The stout old heart bows for a moment. The brave old head sinks forward on her knees, where her dead boys when they were babies said their nightly prayers.

"Oh, my boys! my boys!"

The doctor steals silently out and leaves her there alone with her sacred grief. He goes and comes as soon as he can. But the delays are more numerous than he counted on; the way is long and the storm is cold, and rough and high.

When he gets back within sight of the house he sees at once that there has been a change in the state of affairs. Lights pass rapidly from one window to another. He hurries on; old Phœbe meets him at the door and lifts a cautioning finger.

"What has happened?" he asks, impatiently.

The room is dreadfully still. There are traces of tears shining on the old lady's face. There is a subdued excitement in her manner.

"Take off your coat," she says, authoritatively. "Hang it up, and brush the snow from you. Hush! don't make such a noise!"

WILLIE IN CLOUDLAND.

BY ANTHONY DIXEY.

Willie was a very tired boy that night, but his mother had promised to read him the story of the little boy who slew the three giants, so he sat stiff and upright in the high-backed arm-chair, and tried to look as fresh and buoyant as if he had but just got out of bed. The story had not made much progress, however, before he shifted his position several times, then rubbed his eyes, and finally attempted to sit straight upright again. It was all without avail. Just as the little boy in the story had cut off the third giant's head, Willie's eyes refused to remain open any longer, and he became completely oblivious to all external things. But his brain continued the story in its own way.

Willie beheld himself standing in a great plain, with nothing but a world of heather for miles around. No attractive spot could be seen anywhere, no attractive spot save the beautiful blue of heaven. A longing overcame Willie to penetrate beyond the clouds, to see who inhabited there, and, if possible, to converse with the people of Cloudland.

Suddenly, without knowing how or whence, three giants stood before him.

"We are your slaves," said the first giant, called Tall-as-a-steeple.

"Command us, and we obey," said the second, called Big-as-a-house.

"What is your will?" asked the third, called Strong-as-a-lion.

"I would like to go up into Cloudland," answered Willie, nothing daunted. Scarcely had he spoken, when the three giants disappeared, but soon returned, bearing an immense ladder on their shoulders. This they placed slantingly against a little white cloud overhead, and then told Willie to ascend. He placed his foot on the first round, but immediately drew it back, for he felt the ladder a little shaky.

"Do not fear," said Strong-as-a-lion, on observing Willie's backward movement; "do not fear, for we will steady the ladder.

The giants were as good as their word; so when Willie tried again, he found it so firm, that he immediately commenced the ascent without any further hesitation. Up he went, higher and higher, on and on, without once pausing to take breath. Midway between the clouds and the earth, he turned to look below. Never had he thought the earth so beautiful. Hills, valleys, rivers and lakes were stretched out before him like a panorama. He admired the earth beneath, almost more than the clouds above. How green were the slopes of the hills! How the shadows danced in the valleys! How the little waves rippled in the sunlight! How the lakes lay in the cup-like hollows, appearing clear and transparent, like purest water in a goblet of glass.

Having sufficiently contemplated the beautiful earth, Willie proceeded on his way to the clouds. He had not gone much further, when the little white cloud against which the ladder was resting assumed the outlines of a beautiful mansion, and as he approached nearer and nearer, the outlines became more and more distinct, until they finally assumed the full proportions of a beautiful palace as Willie's foot touched the topmost round of the ladder.

He ran up the alabaster steps, which conducted him to the portal. Having found the knocker, he gave three very bold raps, which were immediately answered from within.

"Who knocks at the portal of the King of the Clouds?" cried a tiny voice from the other side of the door.

"It's Willie," he answered.

"What brings you here?" asked the same voice.

"I came to see the people of Cloudland," Willie responded.

"I will inform our King," said the voice.

And Willie was left standing before the portal for a short time.

It was not long before he heard a key turned in the lock, and the portal was thrown wide open. He looked around to see who had admitted him, but at first he did not perceive any one. But, when he finally fixed his eyes on the floor, he beheld the tiniest of little men, bowing very politely, and beckoning him to enter. Willie advanced accordingly.

"Follow me, and I will bring you to our King," said the little man.

As he led the way through the open court, Willie noticed that his conductor wore a bright blue tunic about his body, that he had a helmet on his head, and sandals on his feet. Pendant from his right side hung the smallest rose Willie had ever seen.

The court through which he was passing was lined on both sides by thousands of little men, who were dressed just like his conductor. They all stared at Willie as he passed, and he stared back at them.

He viewed them with a sort of contempt, and felt very much puffed up, because he was so very much bigger than any one there.

He passed through many passages and corridors which were all very beautiful, but he hardly had time to admire them, for his conductor walked very rapidly, for such a small fellow. When they finally entered the audience chamber, Willie was almost dazzled by the splendor that surrounded him. The floor was laid with pure gold, the walls sparkled with precious stones, and the ceiling was so closely studded with diamonds, that the eye ached on beholding it.

Willie could barely see his conductor, as he pressed forward through the throng of courtiers who waited on the King. But he managed to follow him, somehow, and the attendant courtiers very politely made way for him to pass.

The King sat on his throne, trying to appear dignified; the Queen sat beside him, smiling sweetly. A little below the royal couple stood the poet Twang, and the chief councillor, Ego Ego.

Willie's conductor prostrated himself before the throne, and said:

"May it please your Majesty graciously to receive this stranger from the lower world."

When Willie had been introduced to the King in this manner, the latter rose, and extending his hand to him, he uttered the following words of welcome:

"Child of earthland, welcome to the palace of the King of the Clouds. Be partakers in our revels and our joys. Whatever our poor kingdom can do for your entertainment, rest assured shall most certainly be done. Come, be seated at our right hand."

Willie looked for the seat indicated by the King, but it was so small, that it would have been necessary to extend it to one hundred times its present size, ere he could have found room in it. His eyes expressed as much, for the King immediately said:

"We had forgotten; let the great chair be brought."

A thousand courtiers rushed out to obey the King's mandate. Presently they returned, puffing and blowing, for it was a terrible exertion to them to carry this chair, though it was no bigger than that used by Willie when at home. He now seated himself, and looked around on the assembled multitude. Had the King and his people been only as big as his little baby brother, he would certainly have felt greatly flattered on being seated so near the throne; but they were so very small, that he did not sufficiently appreciate his dignified position.

What puzzled him more than all else—and everything seemed wonderful—were the small vases which all the little people carried at their sides. Several times he was about asking of the King, but a certain awe which he entertained for royalty, always restrained him.

"How shall we entertain our guest?" asked the King, of the poet Twang, and the chief councillor, Ego Ego.

"May it please your Majesty," answered Ego Ego, "I think it were best I should deliver an interesting discourse on the government of a State."

"Methinks our visitor is not yet inclined to sleep," said the poet Twang, sneeringly.

"Hear the rhymer!" retorted Ego Ego. "Because his shallow pate cannot receive knowledge, he must needs cast a slur on our visitor, as if he were no better than himself."

"Peace!" cried the King, in great wrath. "Do you carry your jealousies to the very foot of the throne? Have a care, that your deserved punishment do not soon overtake you."

The poet and chief councillor stood rebuked; but the former could not restrain himself, for the poetic madness was on him. He, therefore, addressed himself to the King, and said:

"With your Majesty's permission, I will recite the new poem which gave so much pleasure to the court on a former occasion.

His Majesty was greatly tempted to accede to this proposal, for the poem was in praise of himself, but the Queen frowned; and the King valued his peace too much to vex his royal partner.

"Were it not best that we all join in a dance?" whispered the Queen, to her royal spouse.

"Right," said the King, "we will dance."

"The best thing for the occasion," said the poet and chief councillor. These two always agreed with the King's sentiments and desires, for they were great flatterers.

The great hall was soon alive with the dancing parties. Willie had the Queen assigned as his partner, and very gallantly did he conduct himself towards her. The merriment was of short duration, however, for just as the sport was at its highest, a sentinel rushed in, exclaiming:

"The King of Murky-Cloud is bearing down upon us!"

This announcement produced the wildest excitement in White-Cloud. The King rushed upon his throne, crying:

"Let every one stand to his arms!"

In fulfilment of this command, all the little men unstrapped the vases from their sides, and held them above their heads. Just at this moment a reverberating sound was heard, for Murky-Cloud had come in contact with White-Cloud. The little warriors threw the contents of their vases at their enemies, and Willie—awoke, and heard the patter of the rain on the roof.

The Exact Truth.

Two young masons were building up a wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than on the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will made your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Poob!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I'm not lieing, and have no intention of doing so."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

Tell, act and live the exact truth always.

Sometimes the mind greatly influences the body. Indeed, the operation of mental causes on the bodily frame is not unknown to any of us; though they may not perhaps have been thought, in regard to education, to be of very great importance. The effect of anxiety, grief and other feelings in diminishing strength and wearing away health, are quite familiar.

It is in vain that ladders are raised for people without strength of purpose. They cannot mount. A boatswain can drive a lazy sailor up the rigging of a ship to the maintop; but it is next to impossible to make his way upward from the common level. If fate has placed him at the foot of the ladder, there, in all probability, he will grovel till he dies.

The man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts, that he always obscures and frequently conceals them.

BROWN AND WHITE.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Faded are the pink and purple that o'erfringed the summer day;
Brown and white are all the hangings with which frosty breezes play.
Brown and white, and yet the roses bloom as fresh on lovers' cheeks,
And my Nellie's lips of coral glow as brightly when she speaks.

Brown and white, yes, I remember, in a winter long ago,
How we trod one bright December until lost amid the snow;
Blinded were we by its fleeces, for the sun was sinking pale,
And we scarce could see each other or the bars we had to scale.

Late the school had held that evening, for we had a spelling match,
And I spelled you down, my darling, on the simple word of "thatch."
How you hurried on before me all the long and weary way,
When I smiled and sued forgiveness, you had not a word to say.

But the drifts grew deeper, deeper, till I caught you at the bars,
Then I gave a puff and whistle like the steaming of the cars:
And your laugh, a merry tinkle, like a pent up waterfall,
Flushed the landscape full of music, and there seemed no snow at all.

But the flakes, or something warmer, blinded then and there my sight,
And I saw but you, my darling, in your hood all mottled white.
O'er the bars I sprang before you, and I turned to meet your face,
Rose of scarlet, it rebuked me as I snatched a quick embrace.

Brown and white, transformed to golden, lingers still that winter day,
And its memory like you, darling, turneth every month to May.
Brown and white, you softly answer, are the lines within my hair,
Smiling that I think your coral ne'er by age has bleached fair.

Brown and white! The old love blindness that fell on me at the bars
Tarries yet, and my one vision time in touching never mars.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INFAMOUS TRIO.

Godfrey Vaughn was in a furious state when he saw that Nora had really eluded him—vanished like the vision of a dream.

And such a vanishing! Defiant and reckless to the last, she had worked out her own fell purpose, in spite of him, and he could only grind his teeth in futile rage. She was beyond his reach with the victim (as he chose to term his uncle), whom she had entrapped.

"Outwitted!" he muttered, in a voice hoarse with passion, as he stood in the dingy building and glanced after the disappearing train. "That she-devil holds the winning cards just now. But the tables shall be turned. She shall learn that even a worm will turn when trodden upon."

Godfrey Vaughn felt himself a much-abused man. Those terrible passions, rage, envy and jealousy, were running rampant in his heart. Through his close-shut teeth he hissed the most horrible curses upon the woman who had defied him.

"She is my uncle's wife now," he thought, "or they would not be going away together. Of course, she can never stand in that relation to me. But," and he lifted one shaking hand half involuntarily, while his face looked like the countenance of a fiend, "by the heaven above us, she shall yet hold a more degraded position; she shall yet sue vainly at *my* feet! She shall feel what a rash thing she has done in braving my revenge."

Then, with a slow, horrible laugh, he swung upon his heel. There was one person who might be able to help him in this emergency, and to her he resolved to go. That person was the yellow-haired woman who had watched the banker's carriage roll away from Mrs. Churchill's door, and had afterwards come to him (Godfrey) to tell him of the contemplated marriage.

"Mrs. Saltonstall must lend me her aid," he muttered. "With her at my elbow, I can accomplish anything, even though the devil himself should be my adversary."

Passing hastily into the street, he signalled the first empty cab to be found, and was soon *en route* for Cherry street.

About mid-way of this not very aristocratic quarter of the city, he pulled the check-rein, and got out.

"You can wait," he said, to the coachman. "I shall not be here very long. Drive on to the nearest alley upon the right, and remain there until I come."

Retracing his own steps for a short distance, he entered an unpainted wooden building that seemed to be in the last stages of decay.

A flight of rickety stairs ascended from the narrow, dingy-looking hall into which the street door opened. Godfrey climbed these stairs quickly, with an expression of disgust upon his handsome face.

"Ugh!" he shuddered. "I don't see what can induce Mrs. Saltonstall to live in this dreary hole. Poverty? Is it possible—but I have my doubts."

Crossing a narrow landing, he knocked softly, three times, in a peculiar manner, upon the first door he reached.

"Enter!" cried a voice, within the room.

He lifted the latch and went in. It was a very odd-looking apartment in which he found himself the next moment—very odd, indeed. All its appointments wore an air of shabby splendor. The velvet was worn threadbare; the curtains of crimson silk shading the two windows, looked quite grand until you saw the longitudinal rents partly concealed by the folds; there was a shabby sofa in one corner—near it a buhl cabinet that must once have been very fine—and a little further on a swinging shelf piled full of books in antique bindings.

A guitar swung suspended between the two windows, above a Japanese stand upon which stood a glass globe of gold-fish.

But the most singular-looking object in that room was its mistress—a tall, thin woman, with shining yellow hair, yellow eyes, and a sharp, sallow face, that must at one times have been very beautiful.

She stood by the window, with her long, slender fingers resting upon the sill. A faded robe of elegant cashmere fell in voluminous folds about her feet. There was an air of grace, even of dignity about the woman standing there.

Her strange eyes lighted up at sight of Godfrey. They were precisely like those singular eyes that had puzzled Major Vaughn in his interview with the false detective, David Drew!

"I knew you would be sure to seek me, Godfrey Vaughn," she said, quietly, holding out her hand to him.

The young man gave a slight start.

"How did you know it?" he asked, sullenly.

"You need my help after what you have just discovered, and it is the most natural thing in the world, that you should come for it. No prophetic power was needed to be sure of that."

"Tell me what I have discovered?"

"I will," a smile curling her thin lip. "Two hours ago, I went to you, and advised you to go directly to a certain railway terminus if you wished to speed your uncle, Douglas Vaughn, and his bride upon their way."

"Yes."

"You went. You hoped that I had made a mistake—that it was not yet too late to persuade this Nora Verlorme to give up her designs upon the rich banker."

"Yes," the affirmation forced from his unwilling lips.

"But it *was* too late! You merely had a glimse of the happy couple. You longed to tear them asunder, but were powerless. You could not even sow discord between them."

"I will do it yet, he said, grinding out the words very slowly.

Again the woman smiled.

"You have been playing the spy upon my movements," Godfrey added, in a sharp voice, turning quickly upon her.

"What then? I had no base design, so far as you are concerned, in so doing."

"I believe you, Mrs. Saltonstall. You have aided me too many times already, to turn against me at this late hour."

"I never turn against those who contribute to my advantage," was the calm reply.

At this instant, before Godfrey could say a word in reply, a door, ingeniously concealed in the wall, opened with scarce a sound, and a young man stepped into the apartment.

He was a very handsome fellow, with blonde hair, light blue eyes, and glowing, scarlet lips.

"Roland Dane!" ejaculated Godfrey, recoiling from the unexpected intruder.

The young man changed color, an expression of the deepest annoyance flitting across his face. He did not seem especially pleased at meeting Godfrey then and there.

The two had long been friends, and to a certain extent, confidants. The same dark, evil passions burned in the souls of each, making them congenial companions.

Roland Dane quickly recovered himself. He was not a person to remain long at a loss.

"You have surprised my secret," he said, calmly. "No matter. It was not worth while for you and me to wear a mask in each other's presence. Let us be wise, and tear it off from this time forward. We can help each other all the better.

Godfrey started at the sound of that word "help."

"You are right," said he. "There had better be no disguise between us. If you are willing to stand by me, Dane, through thick and thin, you shall lose nothing in the long run."

"It's a bargain."

The two men clasped hands, and looked searchingly at each other. Godfrey was the first to speak.

"I have often wondered where you hid yourself, Dane. You were never very communicative in regard to your private affairs or your personal history."

"I do not intend to be communicative now."

"Will you not tell me why I find you in Mrs. Saltonstall's apartments, and upon such a familiar footing?"

"No, I shall not even tell you that," was the decisive answer. "And I shall claim no such confidence of you. You are welcome to what you can find out by yourself, but to no more."

"Do you call that tearing off our masks?" muttered Godfrey, sullenly.

"We tear them off sufficiently to claim each other's assistance boldly in our schemes for revenge or ambition; is not that enough?"

At this moment Mrs. Saltonstall stepped toward them, and laid her hand upon Godfrey's arm.

"It is enough," she said, softly. "Do not urge Roland to reveal more. It would be waste of breath. He is here—now let him help you, and be grateful for his help without suffering curiosity to make a fool of you."

"I will!" exclaimed Godfrey, after a moment's reflection. "He would not dare to play me false."

"He would have no such wish as long as you made it to his interest to keep faith with you."

"Enough—I will talk freely in his presence. I shall need all the assistance I can get if I would avenge myself upon this woman my uncle has married."

Roland Dane shrugged disdainfully.

"You must think her very powerful, or very unprincipled to fear her."

"She is both!" cried Godfrey, fiercely.

"What do you propose to do?"

"I shall follow her by the next train, confront her and my uncle, and convince him that he is the dupe of a designing woman. You know so much," he added, turning to Mrs. Saltonstall, "perhaps you can tell me the destination of the *happy* couple? It was partially to learn it, that I came here."

"I do not know it," the woman answered. "I might not tell you, if I did."

"Why?"

"You could not do a more foolish thing than you now propose."

Godfrey muttered a volley of the most fearful curses.

"I can't sit here idle, thinking *she* is happy with another man!" he exclaimed. "I can't! I should go mad!"

Roland Dane coolly tapped him upon the shoulder.

"You would not mind it so much, if you were preparing a system of revenge so deep and terrible that this woman would be utterly annihilated by it," he said, significantly.

"What do you mean?"

"Make it for my advantage, and this adventuress your uncle has wedded shall be torn down from her high pedestal. She shall grovel at your feet in such abject misery, that even *your* heart will be satisfied. She shall be cast off by the man who now adores her, as a creature too shameless and abandoned for even his sympathy. Have you followed my words? Do you understand me now?"

Godfrey Vaughn's eyes were glowing with fierce malignancy. More chords than one in his wicked heart beat responsive to this strange man's words.

"I think I do understand you," he answered. "But I do not see how you are to bring about all this of which you speak."

"It will take time, and much skilfull scheming. You must be content to wait, leaving the result to me."

"You might fail."

"I never yet failed in anything I undertook," was answered, proudly; "and many of my schemes would astonish you, if I were to reveal them. Now, in one word, do you consent to be guided by me, or do you not?"

"I consent."

"It is well. But, remember, I must have my reward. There is no philanthropy," he added, sneeringly, "in what I propose to do for you."

"Your claims shall be satisfied."

"Good. Leave everything to me. I shall begin to lay my plans at once, though the first blow must be struck after Major Vaughn returns with his bride. I promise you that the day is not distant when Nora Vaughn shall be banished from her husband's home and heart, her name branded with the foul taint of infamy."

"Enough! enough!"

"And as for the recompense I am to receive," he added, with a sinister smile, "you must be ready to aid and abet my plans, whatever they may be. You will learn their nature soon enough—I do not choose to unfold them now."

He rose, as he spoke, from the easy-chair into which he had flung himself a few moments previously, and walked away to the window.

Godfrey Vaugn knew that the interview was at an end. With very strange thoughts careering through his brain, he went slowly from the room and from the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COMING HOME.

The days slipped by, one after the other, lengthening themselves into weeks, until more than a month had elapsed since that hurried marriage, ere the bride and groom returned to New York.

Meanwhile everything was being made ready for their reception. The season was already over, and the jaded voluptuaries, the seekers after pleasure, were everywhere shaking the dust of the streets from their feet, and seeking watering-places, or sequestered retreats in which to pass the fervid summer months.

Major Vaughn owned a handsome villa called Rosewood, at no great distance from the city, and this palatial mansion was fitted up with all the luxuries that art or taste could devise, to enhance the happiness of his beloved Nora.

Paperhangers, upholsterers and tradesmen had *carte blanche* orders, and, of course, extravagance and lavish expenditure were the order of the day. But the banker never gave a thought to this waste of money. His infatuation for the woman he had married deepened with every day of his life, and he took proud delight in lavishing costly presents upon her.

As for Nora, she scarcely realized all he was doing for her. She certainly knew nothing of the extravagant preparations that were going on at Rosewood. The banker sent his orders directly to the tradespeople, intending to surprise his wife with the beauty of the home he had prepared for her reception.

When all was in readiness, he wrote long letters to Rose Carrington and Janet Conway, in which he spoke of the supreme happiness that had crowned his life, humbly begging their pardon if they had felt hurt or insulted by any seeming lack of confidence.

"Circumstances, over which I had no control, hurried on my marriage," he wrote, "or you would have been kept informed of my movements. Those circumstances I cannot now explain to you. My dearly-loved wife is known to you already—but you will learn to prize her very highly when thrown into more intimate relations with her. She is all that is true and good. No words of mine could sound her praises sufficiently."

His letters closed with an urgent request that they should repair at once to Rosewood, with such friends as they were pleased to invite, and be ready to receive Nora and himself.

These letters were read with very different feelings by the persons to whom they were addressed. Janet let fall a few tears upon the closely-written sheet addressed to herself.

"My good, kind uncle," she thought. "I hope he will be happy. I know he richly deserves to be."

Rose crumpled her own letter in one hand, while a dark frown contracted her lovely brow.

"He has married that woman in spite of everything," she muttered. "Nora Verlorme must be very clever to have carried the day so successfully; but, clever as she is, she must look to her laurels, or they will soon be withered, when she is once under the roof that shelters myself—for, of course, I am not such an idiot as to refuse to go to Rosewood. She shall be received with open arms, in spite of the bitter resentment I feel. Bah! I hate her already!"

And so she did, though the only crime of which Nora had been guilty in her eyes was the never-to-be-forgiven one of supplanting herself in Major Vaughn's affections, and in the distribution of his property—for, of course, there would be a change in this respect.

Godfrey Vaughn received a letter very similar in its character to those addressed to Janet and Rose; only there was this difference; Major Vaughn mentioned money matters in the letter to his nephew.

"Others have looked upon you as my heir, dear Godfrey," wrote the banker; "and you may possibly have thought of yourself in that way. Of course, my marriage changed everything; but I do not intend you shall be cast penniless upon the world. I shall double your allowance upon the day of my return home, and should you choose to undertake any business for yourself, you may rely upon my aid at the outset."

Godfrey scarcely gave a second thought to the banker's fortune. He felt assured of gaining a fair proportion of it—through Roland Dane's help—and so there was very little trouble upon this score. His reflections, after perusing that generously-worded letter, were upon quite a different subject.

"Nora has told him nothing," he thought. "At least he does not know I was once his wife's lover. If she had told him, there would be something constrained, something formal about this letter; whereas, I can detect nothing of the sort. I wonder how the clever minx accounted to him for my wild words that day at the railway terminus?"

Nora had not been compelled to explain them in any manner. They had reached her ears, but not her husband's. Major Vaughn had caught a glimpse of his nephew from the car window—he knew Godfrey had shouted out something, but the purport of what he said was wholly lost upon him.

And this is the way affairs stood one lovely afternoon when a close carriage drew up before the portals of Rosewood, from which Major Vaughn alighted, and lifted out his wife.

Nora had never looked lovelier than she did at that moment. She wore a traveling dress of soft, silvery gray, with falls of yellow lace about the neck and wrists. Her velvety eyes shone like stars, and a vivid scarlet stain was upon either cheek.

Her heart beat rapidly as she leaned upon her husband's arm, and turned to ascend the massive stone steps. It was a critical moment in her life, and she knew it. With one quick, comprehensive glance she had assured herself that Rose and Janet were waiting in the hall to receive her; and behind them stood another figure, one that filled her with secret dismay, for it was the figure of Godfrey Vaughn.

She had hoped he would generously spare her this trial, and remain away. But it was not in the heart of that maliciously smiling fiend to spare her anything.

Hard lines gathered about the corners of her mouth in an instant. All her pride, all her powers of self-control rose into arms.

"He shall not see how hard he is making this home-coming for me," she thought. "And if he is foolish enough to create a scene, the worst is his own. I fear him no longer."

With a firm, proud step she ascended to the massive portal, one pretty slender hand resting confidingly upon her husband's arm. Not a droop of the long lashes, not a tremor of those crimson lips betrayed the thoughts passing in her mind.

"Janet, Rose, let me present to you my wife," said Major Vaughn, in a proud voice, when they were all together.

The welcome Nora received was flattering in the extreme. Rose kissed her gushingly, and said softly:

"I am sure I shall love you very much. I shall love you all the more because you have made my uncle so happy."

Janet was less demonstrative; but she pressed Nora's hand, murmuring the one word:

"Welcome."

Her countenance was beaming with kindness, however, and Nora felt drawn to her at once, while Rose's more enthusiastic greeting had somehow repelled her.

Advancing a few steps, Nora extended her hand quietly to Godfrey. She knew it was better to take the initiative, and so she took it unflinchingly.

"I may be an usurper," she said, in a perfectly composed voice, "but I know you will not be so ungallant as to turn a cold shoulder upon me for that reason, Mr. Vaughn."

Godfrey looked with a nervous, restless glance into her beautiful face.

"No," he said, meaningly, "I shall not be so ungallant. I hope you will reign at Rosewood as long as you deserve to reign there."

"Thank you."

Nora released her hand from the crushing pressure in which it was held, and turned to her husband with a fond, beaming smile.

"Douglas," said she, "I am very weary. Please lead me to my room at once." Then, with a sweeping bow that included everybody, she added, "I trust we shall all meet at dinner. Till then, adieu."

She glided away the next instant, leaning upon her husband's arm, and smiling up into his face with a fondness that made Godfrey grind his teeth.

At dinner that day she was superb. She wore a lustrous amber-hued silk, with an overdress of lace. A costly set of turquoise—the banker's latest gift—was her only ornament. She needed nothing to enhance her glorious beauty. Her toilette was complete.

Two gentlemen were present besides the banker's own household—Eugene Lennox and Roland Dane.

It was not very pleasant for these two to encounter each other. But they were both sufficiently well bred not to betray any annoyance.

Roland Dane sat at Nora's right hand. It was Godfrey's pleasure that he should occupy this seat. Before dinner was announced, he had gone to Rose, and said to her:

"Dane must sit near Mrs. Vaughn. Do you understand me? You must contrive to select his position at the table, and then there will be no mistake."

Rose glanced at him in surprise and displeasure.

"I don't see what benefit can be derived from such an arrangement," she answered.

"But I do," said Godfrey, who was acting upon directions received from Roland Dane himself. "Please oblige me in this matter. I do not make the request without a motive."

A fierce light glowed in Rose's eyes a moment, and then was gone.

"I understand you now," she said. "You may trust everything to me."

"Godfrey is already engaged in some plot to destroy Mrs. Vaughn's happiness," she thought, "and Roland Dane is the instrument to be employed for that end."

Nevertheless, it did not please her very well to have the man she secretly loved exposed to the fascinations of another woman—above all, of such a woman as Nora Vaughn.

But it was best to submit, and so Roland Dane occupied the seat in question, as we have already related.

He played his part well. His handsome blue eyes were scarcely removed from Nora's face while they remained at the table. They watched the sparkling play of her countenance; the soft peach-bloom coming and going in her cheeks, with an intentness not to be mistaken.

"By Jove!" he said, to himself, "she is superb, incomparable! My *role* will not be a difficult one, after all. There is no need to simulate admiration, for I feel the genuine emotion stirring in my heart."

It was true. Roland Dane was a clever man, in more respects than one. He admired cleverness in others—especially in women. He could not help acknowledging to himself, even during the brief hour of dinner, that Nora was superior to any lady he had ever met.

And this was the woman against

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CORRESPONDENTS' HUB.
Answers to all Inquirers.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

We are often asked, by correspondents, what was the origin of St. Valentine's Day; or, rather, why a day that is rendered remarkable by the name of a saint, should also be devoted to a light and almost frivolous pursuit? We really do not know, in fact, very little is known about St. Valentine at all, except that he was a presbyter, or elder, of the Church of Rome, and that he was beheaded in the year 258, during the reign of the Emperor Valerianus. This monarch flourished during the heathen period of ancient Rome; but at first he was mild and tolerant toward the Christians. In the latter part of his reign, however, he was urged, by the influence of certain senators, to adopt a stern and cruel policy toward that sect, and many of the true believers suffered imprisonment, persecution, and even death, on account of their creed. It is, therefore, most probable that the Presbyter Valentine became a martyr for religion's sake; and at some subsequent period he was canonized. More than this we do not know concerning him. It does not even appear that the particular date of the 14th of February has any further reference to him than that it was the day on which the decree of his canonization was published, and it henceforth became dedicated to his name. We must, therefore, conclude it was by some mere coincidence that the actual "business" of sending love-letters became associated with St. Valentine's Day.

Although the bookstores and newsdealers continue to present a brilliant display of valentines at the proper season, and although the post-office returns show that there is no diminution in the number of letters passing through that department, yet we question whether the incidents of the day itself are observed with the same zest as in former times. There are many things that were great to us in the past, which remain to us in the present, but which have nevertheless lost much of their superstitious influence.

Persons do not feel the same superstitious interest in the custom of St. Valentine's Day as they were wont to do. It has become more an occasion for the enjoyment of a bit of fun than for the serious conveyance of expressions of love.

But we observe that if the superstitious portion of its interest is dying out, it has, nevertheless, gradually acquired a refined element. We mean in the "getting up" of the valentines themselves. In many of them a remarkable degree of taste and elegance is displayed, and the hideous caricatures of former times are evidently losing their popularity. Thus, in the custom pertaining to St. Valentine's Day, there may be discerned progress and improvement as well as in so many other mundane institutions.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage.

You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf.

The finer and the more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. Tenderness, and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence, can no more be yours when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which were splintered to pieces be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you had better search for a new friend than try to mend the old one.

And all this has nothing to do with forgiveness. One may forgive and be forgiven, but the deed has been done, and the word said; the flowers and the gilding are gone. The formal "making-up," especially between two women, is of no more avail than the wonderful cements that have made a cracked ugliness of the china, that you expected to be a "joy forever."

Handled delicately, washed to purity in the waters of truth, confided to no careless, unsympathizing hands, friendship may last two lives out; but it "does not pay" to try to mend it. Once broken, it is spoiled forever.

PERFECT content was never one of earth's institutions; that belongs to the sphere ethereal, where perfection only is allowed, and where we who cheat and torment each other here, hope to meet in united bonds of love, which all the sins of the former life cannot sever.

THE loss of friends is a wholesome grief, and the tears of sympathy are like balm to the sufferer; but the loss of property is a wound that festers.

GROWING UP.

BY W. S.

Oh, to keep them still around us, baby darlings, fresh and pure,
"Mother's" smile their pleasures crowning, "mother's" kiss their sorrows' cure;
Oh, to keep the waxen touches, sunny curls, and radiant eyes,
Pattering feet, and eager prattle—all young life's lost Paradise!

Oh, to keep them; how they gladdened all the path from day to day,
What gay dreams we fashioned of them, as in rosy sleep they lay:
How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling thought was hailed,
As each bark went floating seaward, love-hedecked and fancy-sailed!

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in other shape than ours
Those young hands will seize their weapons, build their castles, plant their flowers;
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we trained to see;
Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears the main,
Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never glows again;
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure the links are rent:
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober bloom content.

AUNT HANNAH.

A HOME STORY.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

"Don't let him come, auntie. Please don't. How could you be so cruel?"

My hospitality was limited, I fear. I was such a bashful, backward little thing. We lived such a solitary life—Aunt Hannah and I, that the very thought of "Visitors to stay," was unendurable.

Was there no other place in the wide world where Cousin George could go? I wondered. Couldn't there be an accident, or something—nothing very serious I hoped—but something to detain him?

"Why Ellie," said my aunt, half sadly, "you surely wouldn't have him abide with strangers, dear?"

"But auntie," I replied, "he has traveled so much abroad, and must be fearfully learned and gifted and fastidious! Why need he come here to quiz our quiet ways."

Auntie laughed most provokingly. It was no laughing matter, I thought, this dreadful invasion of our peaceful sanctuary. I thought of the old warning in the lane, "Trespassers beware," and wondered why it did not apply to the whole range of masculine humanity.

I never yet had seen my Cousin George. He was several years older than myself, and was an orphan, like myself. He had been educated in Europe, in fulfillment of his father's desire, and now he was coming home, to seek his own fortune in his own fashion.

Aunt Hannah had invited him to stay with us for a time, to make Pleasantville his home for an indefinite period, and she assured him of a warm welcome and mentioned *me* in the letter! How I cried! What could I do? How could I welcome and amuse this great bronzed, bewhiskered man, or talk to him even, without displaying the depth of my ignorance of everything?

I wanted to run away! but that, of course, was impossible. My beloved Aunt Hannah was a mother to me—the only real friend I had, and the only one being upon earth for whom I cared, just then.

The dreadful day came at last. I do not think time ever had passed so quickly! I remember locking myself in my own room, and auntie's peremptory summons at the door, "Come down at once, child. Don't be so bashful, dear!" I heard somebody with a very, very masculine voice, exclaim at the foot of the stairs, "No excuses, mind, Aunt Hannah." He laughed loudly, and I *hated* him. I knew my cheeks were mahogany color, when I came down; and I don't remember much else except that some one hugged me very closely, and kissed my red cheeks, while the room swam round and round!

I never quite forgave him for *that*, but somehow we were good friends, almost immediately.

He was not half the ogre I had pictured him. He did not indulge in learned dissertations about things we could not understand, as I had dreaded so tearfully. He seemed to interest himself vastly in our primitive style—and—somehow—I fell to talking earnestly, before I knew, quite, that I had dared to speak one word!

And never a word would I have uttered, sure, if I had known that dear spiteful old auntie, had told him everything! my strong objection to his coming, my dread of his arrival, my unfavorable mental pictures of himself. But she had! and she was laughing in her sleeve to see us getting along so famously together.

Poor auntie! My share of the household duties were terribly neglected! Of course I had to lead my Cousin George to all the favorite nooks and corners; to the "wishing well" and to the "fairy glade" and the thousand pleasant spots, and famous places, which made my childhood's home a paradise indeed.

A whole summer passed merrily away. Then the time came that Cousin George must leave us once more, to enter upon life's duties for himself. Was any heart so sadly crushed as mine?

Why did he come at all, if he must leave us so speedily?

It was our last evening together. We were sitting over the cosy fire in our keeping-room, and ever busy, ever thoughtful auntie, had found something to occupy her nimble fingers in a room upstairs. He had been telling me of his wonderful travels (I had already learned to listen readily), and of the wonderful people he had met; and I think I was a little jealous of them, for I couldn't help thinking that they had a prior right to his affection, and that one day he would return to the gay world, and forget my existence even!

Then he spoke of his prospects in the future, and his face glowed with hopeful enthusiasm.

Of course I knew nothing of business matters, but I said "Yes" and "No" very learnedly and encouragingly. Then he came over to where I was sitting, and took my hand in his, and whispered tenderly:

"And when I come back again I want little Ellie to be my wife."

"How ridiculous," I answered, pouting. "I am sure I have never thought of such a thing;" and I never had, not even in my wildest dreams.

"Can't you love me, Ellie?" he questioned, looking in my face so eagerly, that I was compelled to laugh, a little cruelly, I think, to hide my nervousness.

"I want you to make me feel that I have some glorious mission to accomplish!"

"And surrender myself to the enemy, George?" I whispered, archly.

"Is love an enemy?" he asked, reproachfully.

"I don't know, I'm sure," I replied, coquettishly. "I have heard of his dreadful tyranny, George, so, perhaps, he may be an inveterate foe!"

"I would rather he was my friend."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because if love is an enemy, he will surely take you prisoner."

"What if I resist?"

"You resist, indeed!" he laughingly replied. "Why, Ellie, don't you remember the day when you retreated to your room, and came forth at the word of command, like a little blushing, frightened fairy, to welcome the terrib'e ogre——"

I hurriedly withdrew my hand, for I was not a little hurt. It was cruel to remind me of my weakness, but I would be revenged!

"So you think that I surrendered then, do you? You were mistaken, Cousin George."

"Don't be cross, Ella," he replied. "You must know how dear you are to me."

"Because I have tried to make you happy among strangers?"

"Is that all?"

"You are my cousin you know, so, of course, it was my duty——"

"I thought you loved me, Ellie," he said, very quietly, and growing very pale. "I was mistaken it seems, can you give me no hope? Must we really part forever?"

"Our acquaintance has been very brief," I said, relenting a little.

"Yet long enough to destroy every hope of my future life."

"George," I said, wantonly, wickedly, "It might have been better for us both if you had never crossed the seas."

He said no more. Of course I repented my words as soon as I had uttered them, but I was too proud to take them back. We parted strangely; I just said to him, "You will come again soon, Cousin George?" and held out my hand as a peace offering. He folded me in his arms for an instant, shook his head gravely, and—was gone!

How lonely the house was then! Up to the moment of his coming, my aunt and I had been sufficient company for each other always, and the presence of others was an interruption in our quiet lives. Now that Cousin George had been, and was gone, there was a great vacuum—something seemed missing—Pleasantville had lost its weird glory and romantic solitary happiness.

Aunt Hannah missed him almost as much as I, but she bore her trouble patiently; as for myself I seldom dared to visit the spots hallowed by the memory of his presence. I clung to the house—chiefly to my own room—all that winter through, and in the spring and summer following.

Looking back through all these years, at those past visionary times, I realize the full extent of God's providence which changes most of the evil of this life into disguised blessings.

We heard frequently from George. He wrote always to Aunt Hannah, never to me. His letters were very brief, but very precious—they contained news of his progress, onward and upward always. Sometimes they were penned in one city, sometimes in another. He had become a greater traveler than ever, it seemed; but unlike the rolling stone of the fable, he accumulated money rapidly. At last, three years after that parting interview, he wrote that he would like to spend a month or more with us, if Aunt Hannah would welcome him.

Welcome him! I should think she would, indeed! My name was mentioned too, but, oh, so carelessly. "Ellie never writes to me," he said (I had not the shame to after what I had done). "Is she married yet? If not, dear auntie, there is a friend of mine——"

I read no more. How dared he write that, I wondered! Of course he did not know how much I loved him, but he had said my refusal "destroyed every hope of his life." Somehow I expected him to be true to me, and he could write—like that!

But such a trifle was speedily forgotten in the preparations for his coming. "We must give him a right royal welcome," auntie said, and I re-echoed it. I was altogether changed. No longer a bashful, self-willed little maiden of seventeen, but a sedate, highly respectable albeit sorrowful female of twenty odd. I was just as anxious for his coming, as I had once been to escape from the dreadful meeting.

At last he came! How changed he was too! There were hard lines in his studious, thoughtful face, which would have added to my terror years ago.

"Auntie and I will smooth them," I thought.

"Ellie," he said one night, quite seriously, "do you know why I have sought you once again?"

"To introduce your friend perhaps," I laughed. "You see I am heart whole even yet."

"Thank God for that!" said George, fervently. "Can you not guess the name of my friend, dear Ellie?"

I placed my hand upon his shoulder and looked into his face, just as he had once looked into mine. I could not help it, but the tears came into my eyes, and I said:

"Is it yourself, George?"

"Yes. I could not leave you forever, without once more asking you to be my wife. If you refuse now, you will never see me more."

"Yet I am so changed."

"Not for the worse, I am sure."

"I suppose I must surrender to the enemy, George; but there are two conditions——"

"They are already granted," he said, tenderly.

"I will never leave Aunt Hannah, George——"

"Certainly not," said George, decisively.

"And you must forgive me for sending you away, years ago, with a sorrowing heart, when I loved you all the time."

His eyes sparkled gladly.

"You must repay me by hastening our marriage," he said. "Life is too short to lose its blessings heedlessly."

I really think the happiest of the three was dear Aunt Hannah.

"The wish of my life is granted," she said (here she gave us both some good advice, which I fear was thrown away). "You will make each other happy."

Her prophecy was a true one. We are very happy—much happier than we deserve, I think sometimes.

IF the friend is likely to be forgotten, can we believe that anything he has about him will repose a longer time on the memory?

GOLDEN ROOMS.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

Many a man has in his heart a golden room in which, for all the world's wealth, he would not let that same world look; barred and bolted, locked and guarded, by caution, discretion, and firmness, he feels that it is safe, but once opened, careless hands would tarnish the golden walls, would bespatter them with worldly mire, would cut and carve, each one a figure for himself, until the glory and beauty of the room would be lost forever.

It is only when death comes and takes the keys, loosens the bolts, slides back the bars, and gives the world one peep at the beauty within, that it is made known, for a certainty, that such beauty did exist. Then the merits of the newly-discovered treasure, the hidden virtue, the golden room, are heralded abroad. Its sacred hoardings of love's life-long self-sacrifices, and of duties well performed, are brought forth, or it may be there is left a home for the poor, clothing for the needy, food for the starving, the wherewithal to Christianize, humanize, or educate thousands yet unborn.

And yet this man had borne the rebuffs, reproaches, and railings of his kind while guarding and beautifying with all the treasures of his life this hidden sanctuary. He had not time, even if he were tempted, to practice that artificial courtesy that so wins upon the heart; and the world had left him, and his real virtues, scorching their dimness, and pursued and courted the shadows of those virtues in others. Now, too late, it yields its homage; and candor, gentleness, humanity, modesty, and virtue are lauded as they existed in him.

All you who have golden rooms open them quickly, now, to-day, bring forth their treasures of hope, patience, pity, and affection, and give them in your lifetime. Let the world praise you while it may, and not when it must, and when you are beyond all enjoyment of its adulation.

A TERRIBLE SCARE.

BY G. DE B.

There is individuality in back yards. I like to study my neighbors from that standpoint. The different little arrangements of flower-beds, veranda chairs, bird cages, window curtains, and even clothes lines—tell something of the external arrangers!

It was, therefore, with a cheerful sort of curiosity that I walked over toward the back windows of my new apartments. The view from my front ones presented the usual stereotyped row of six white marble steps, three stories of red brick, six white wooden shutters, etc., and it was, therefore, with more pleasure and satisfaction that I looked out on the pretty grass plots, wisteria vines, and grape arbors of my unknown neighbors. The yards on our street joined the yards belonging to the houses on the next street running parallel, which, putting aside the separating fences—gave me an extended "garden landscape." Directly opposite my windows, and quite a little stretch across my garden, I discovered my *vis-a-vis* to be the back buildings and windows of a very large and handsome mansion on G street. I had noticed the front of this house very often in my walks up town, and had been struck with its palatial appearance of brown stone front, plate glass, and all those elegant accompaniments.

And now that I had an opportunity to observe the rear, I found it a pretty little study and amusement to watch the different figures at the windows, or on the verandah, note the admirable system of its "housekeeping," and altogether admire the manner in which things were conducted "behind the scenes" of this handsome house on G street.

I had been settled a short time in my new quarters, and had made a series of little back window studies—after my usual romantic fashion (I had already "engaged" a pair of lovers on my right, and "congratulated" a bride on my left,) when I found my attention attracted, and my curiosity aroused, over a feature in the handsome house on G street which escaped my notice. It was this:

In the highest story of the back building there was a small, narrow window, closely barred with strong *iron bars*. What struck me as peculiar was, that this upper window should be so strongly protected, while the lower ones had no more than the ordinary bolt fastenings! I therefore found my eyes naturally falling upon that one strongly barred window whenever I looked out of my own.

I stood, one dull, dark day, at my "study" window, watching the long, shining slants of summer rain that came dripping down and slipping off the grape vine leaves, when, casting my eyes around for a less monotonous and more cheerful sort of amusement, I looked up, as usual, to the little window that now held a serious fascination for me—and—I saw, oh, such a horrible face looking out at me from behind the bars. It grinned and nodded, and held up two thin, emaciated little arms, with which it waved and beckoned to me.

I was paralyzed with horror and astonishment, and stood motionless, staring over at the hideous object. It appeared to notice my apparent fright, and went on still more wildly with its gesticulations—and, yes, I could hear shriek after shriek.

This, then, was the mystery of the close-barred little window. It was the cell of a madwoman! I pulled down my shade to shut out the sight of the fearful object, and sat down to ponder over the discovery.

"Ah," thought I, "how little do we know, when we look longingly at our neighbor's magnificent plate-glass front, what there may be grinning behind some hidden window in the rear!"

I grew very nervous as I dwelt upon the matter, and thought I would walk out and let the fresh soft air clear away the mist of fears that had arisen in my mind. It had ceased raining, and I went around on G street to look again at the beautiful house that held this horrible mystery.

There was an elderly lady and some little children at a window. I wondered if these sweet, innocent little ones were in any way connected with the hideous object I had seen. This elderly lady was undoubtedly their grandparent, the *other* was perhaps a maniac mother chained in that close-barred little room. Oh, it was positively fearful to think of!

I went back home in quite an excited frame of mind, and, fortunately, found a friend awaiting my return, whose merry chatter soon recovered my spirits, and made me forget for the moment the terrible shock I had received. As my friend arose to take her leave, she exclaimed:

"You must be almost opposite my friend, Mrs. Clark's, on G street. Let me see." And she walked over to my back windows and looked out. "Ah, yes!" she continued, "those are the windows! That is the children's playroom, where those bars are, to keep them from tumbling out, you know—and see! there is her mischievous Tommy, with his horrible skeleton mask on!"

I rushed over to my window, and looked out. Of course it was—my—maniac mother!

Back-window studies are very interesting and amusing, but sometimes to our imaginative mind a trifle dangerous. Appearances can be *so* deceiving!

A HINT TO MOTHERS

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some people endeavor to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted, the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a distinguished statesman, now no more, narrated. He was a man of talents and enterprise, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, so long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced to lose his heart to Miss Louisa B.; and as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbiedikes, but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed her everywhere; he felt jealous, savage, if she even looked civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the young lady, a woman of sense, who saw what he would be, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectations and made every advance consistent with feminine delicacy—the season was fast fading away, and he had not yet got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience; and one day when he was taking his usual lounge in the parlor, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone. When the eminent lover, on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss Louisa sat bending most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. He advanced toward her, but, losing heart on the way, passed on in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powder-mine, he stopped short before her. "Miss Louisa, will you marry me?" "With the greatest pleasure, sir," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unfaltering voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.

"ETERNAL FRIENDSHIPS" AMONG YOUNG LADIES.

Many and desperate are their vows and declarations. No man shall sever them, is the burden of their song. Admitting that they may be trapped into matrimony, which, by the way, is a most remote contingency, their husbands shall only have the second place in their affections is their declaration. They care about no one but each other, and this they render evident by attempting to snub or treat with supercilious indifference nine out of every ten people with whom they are brought in contact. One cannot have a thought without the other being made acquainted with it; one cannot have a new shawl or a new dress without the other longing to procure one of a precisely similar pattern.

Of secrets they possess a countless number, and of each secret they are co-possessors. Traces of these secrets are ever coming to the surface. You cannot be in the company of the fair damsels for one hour without being unpleasantly informed that some people do not think so much of you as you are in the habit of thinking of yourself, and that there are many mysteries in circulation which must be left mysterious, so far as you are concerned. The love the fair creatures bear toward each other is often bubbling up, and a thousand little endearments are indulged in, which very quickly enable people to form an opinion as to the state of the case.

A large portion of the "friends'" time is spent in selecting gifts for each other. The brooches, the charms, the earrings, the rings, the bracelets they wear, are all marks of the intense affection in which they are mutually held. They cannot be separated without experiencing the keenest pangs and inflicting an immense amount of labor upon the post-office officials, for which those functionaries are, no doubt, sufficiently grateful. All this would be very beautiful, were it not for several important facts. In a general way, the display of affection, in its most exuberant developments, is nothing more nor less than simple affectation. It is one of the crazes to which young ladies of a sentimental turn of mind seem to be addicted.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; Philadelphia; R. J. C Walker, publisher. We cannot too highly praise this old, popular, and well-known family weekly. It it different entirely from the flash (so called literary) sensational papers of the day. Full of good home reading, none need fear to take it into the household. In the days of "auld lang syne," we all remember its welcome visits to the households of our section. To those who are on the active stage of life now—instead of the elders who have passed to the "land of shadows," but who in life loved "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"—we commend it. It is as youthful and bright now, as when a half century ago it contributed so much to the happiness and pleasure of the homes of many of our fathers and grandfathers. Take it.—*Old Commonwealth, Harrisonburg, Virginia, January* 14, 1875.

THE fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence than our faculties demand instruction and regulation, in order to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.

A MAN must be bol'ed and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such bolts and screws as children.

BARBERS — ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Neither history nor tradition informs us when shaving and hairdressing became professional occupations. That there were barbers and hairdressers in Egypt thirty centuries ago is quite certain, for the counterfeit presentments of shaven priests and ladies, with their "wealth of hair" wrought into elaborate fabrics more than a foot high, have been found on the walls of the oldest Egyptian temples, and on mummy cases enclosing the leathery remains of men and women who lived in the days of the earlier Pharoahs. In the cities of Greece and Italy, two thousand years ago, barbers were as plentiful and as much in demand as they are in London to-day, and their shops were then as now, the fountain-heads of gossip. When the Athenian fleet returned beaten to Piræus, the government was anxious to keep the bad news from the people, but a barber of the port "pumped" one of the sailors while shaving him, and straightway the disaster was known to all Athens.

In the age of chivalry, the knight of the razor took to bleeding, physicking, blistering, bone-setting, drawing teeth, dressing wounds, and quack-salving generally, whereby he became a man of mark, and did, no doubt, an infinity of mischief. The "profession" attained the climax of its notoriety in the person of Oliver le Dain, the barber-adviser of Louis XI; and for more than two hundred years of Bourbon rule, barbers were allowed to wear swords, dress sumptuously, and assume the airs of the patrician order.

In these modern days, the "artists" who operate upon our heads and chins are the most courteous of mankind. While manipulating our figureheads, their semitonic converse is of "pomades," "unguents," "invigorators," and "regenerators" capable of coaxing the most sterile scalp into fertility, and mossing the smoothest male upper lip with fibrous vegetation. If the hair is harsh, they can make it soft and pliant as unspun silk; if red as fire, or gray as ashes, their's is the dye that can impart to it the glossy darkness of the raven's wing.

It is difficult to resist such arguments, buzzed into one's ears incessantly while comb and scissors are doing their gentle spiriting—superinducing a state of mind highly favorable to the reception of cunningly devised fables. Incredible quantities of barbers' and hairdressers' nostrums are thus palmed off upon thin-haired, gray-haired, red-haired, wiry-haired, and no-haired members of society. Most of them, however, if useless, are innocuous; and therein they differ agreeably from the philtres and potions administered internally by the barber-surgeons of the middle ages. Man (also woman) is born to be humbugged as the sparks fly upward; and your fashionable hairdresser is at worst a harmless charlatan.

POISONS.

Man is the most wonderful of animals. Among other strange things which he can do, he can eat poisons with a certain degree of impunity. It is only necessary to be prudent, regular and careful about the doses to survive for a considerable period.

A certain quantity of opium kills. Four or five grains are almost certain death to a person not in the habit of using it; but any one can learn to eat twenty and thirty grains at a dose. It becomes the necessity of a second nature, and though it shortens life, it does it so slowly that its operation in this respect is not alarming.

So coffee, tea and tobacco are poisons. It requires some hardihood to get accustomed to the latter. A drop or two of the essential oil of either of these narcotics, or a very concentrated decoction, will kill; yet how many millions of men use all three every day of their lives. There is some derangement of the nervous system—some diminution of the strength—probably some shortening of life; yet how few hesitate to use these fascinating luxuries.

And arsenic is very decidedly a poison, yet there is at least one country in the world where it is habitually eaten. A young man of seventeen, say, begins by taking three grains at a dose, which is gradually increased until he gets up to twenty-three grains. It does not do to exceed this quantity, nor is it safe to leave off suddenly. When the arsenic-eater arrives at the age of fifty, he gradually diminishes the doses. The immense quantity of poison constantly passing through his system does not prevent his reaching the age of seventy or eighty.

For all this, it is our opinion that the more simple our food, and the less poison we take of any kind or in any form, the better. Probably no man, at the end of his life, was ever sorry he had taken too little opium, or brandy, or tobacco, though some may have been sorry for taking too much.

JAMES WATT AND THE TEAKETTLE.

Like the "little axe and cherry tree" story tacked on to the history of George Washington, and a thousand similar myths, having their origin in the fertile brain of some romancist, there are yet to be found those who verily believe that James Watt discovered steam, invented the steam engine, etc., etc., when a boy, in consequence of having watched a teakettle. Facts, however, are stubborn things, and the pretty poetry of the affair is swept away when we find that Thomas Saverny, an Englishman, had a patent for a steam pump in 1698—that Papin, a French engineer, was on the same track, that in 1705 Newcomen and Cawley, of Dartmouth, patented an engine called the atmospheric engine, and that this had been improved upon by Beighton, Smeaton, and other engineers before Watt appears on the scene. When he does come, however, he comes to stay, and must be credited with the invention of the *Condenser*, an important feature in the development of the steam engine. This was brought about in 1763—Watt being twenty-seven years of age, and a mathematical instrument maker at Glasgow at the time—through his being requested by a lecturer on natural philosophy to repair a model used at the lectures. It is unnecessary here to go into further details, but it is clear that the teakettle story, while a pleasant subject for artists or poets to deal with—cannot "hold water" in any other direction.

ENEMIES spring up everywhere of their own accord. Friends are reared in the affections, and cease to be such, as soon as they are removed from the conservatory of the heart.

and shot its rays in slant lines through the leafy openings.

This fact had been observed by the fugitive, and enabled him to lay his course in the proper direction, instead of wandering in blind circles through the forest, as he might have otherwise done.

For the next two or three hours he pushed resolutely onward, full of the joyful sense of freedom, and forgetting all weariness in the hope of successful escape.

At the end of this time the moon had sunk so far towards the horizon as to fail to illuminate the forest. The darkness grew intense. It was impossible for him to proceed.

The weary fugitive flung himself at the foot of a tree, and, heedless of the slight chill of the night, was soon lost in deep sleep.

The sun was shining brightly when he awoke. It was an hour or two high, and poured its beams upon his forest couch. He sprang hastily to his feet, not knowing but that he might have been pursued by the savages, and might be in imminent danger of recapture.

All was still about him. Only the songs of birds and the sound of lapping waters broke the silence. He could see a silvery glitter through the trees. It was the river, near whose banks he had unknowingly passed the night.

With a hasty ablution, and a draught of its clear waters for breakfast, he resumed his journey, keeping the stream within view, and making his way rapidly southward. The wood was here free from undergrowth, and he was enabled to proceed without any delay.

The stream now swept due east, and he left it, striking a southerly course. It seemed to him that he had proceeded ten miles in this direction ere he again came within sight of flowing waters.

The river was wider than where he had left it, if, indeed, it was the same stream. He conjectured that the former had been the Attoyac, and that he now beheld the Angelina.

He continued his course for several miles within sight of its waters. It had no effluents from this side, save an occasional rivulet, or narrow brook. On the other side a stream of some dimensions ran into its waters, at the point which he had now attained.

It occurred to him that this must be the creek on which the Indian camp had been situated, and on which the fight had taken place.

He could not be more than ten or twelve miles from Nacogdoches, but to reach it he must cross the stream.

This, fortunately, proved not very difficult. The river here was wide and shallow, save a deeper channel of some twelve feet in width. There was no help for it. He must wade across, and swim the deeper portion, if it proved to be beyond his depth.

Captain Wilson had all the American readiness in an emergency. He cut the difficulty short by plunging boldly into the stream. It was very shallow, deepening gradually until the water reached his knees.

The portion which had appeared deep did not prove as much so as he had expected, not reaching above his waist. The stream was clearly not navigable, at this season of the year, for any craft of considerable draught.

The point at which he reached the opposite shore was some two miles below the mouth of the creek. As we are already aware an open prairie bordered this portion of the river, affording no shelter other that its long grass might give.

The sun was now beaming fiercely down, and an hour sufficed for him to dry his drenched clothes and boots sufficiently to proceed on his journey.

He was growing desperately hungry, having eaten nothing since the previous evening, despite his severe exertions.

There was no help for it, however, as it seemed now the town must be reached ere he could break his fast.

He knew the general direction of the town, and struck boldly across the prairie, by a route more direct than any sheltered one he could have chosen, though this advantage was offset by the difficulty of walking through the long grass, and the fervor of the sunlight.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when he at length reached Nacogdoches, hungry, footsore, weary, and nearly overcome by his unusual exertion.

In his long journey he had not met a single person, save in the environs of the town, though he had crossed a number of tracks through the prairie grass.

Fortunately for him he had made his way in the rear of the raiding party of Indians through a section from which the white men had retreated, the red men had advanced. This was the secret of his safe and solitary passage.

He found the town in a great stir of excitement. The rangers had been driven back. The Indians were raiding in force on the settlements. The whole nation of Cherokees was on the war path. The town was threatened. These were the only answers he could get to his questions.

He managed, however, to obtain the meal he so much needed, and finally succeeded in learning, in answer to repeated questions, that Major Amberly was no longer under arrest, that he had broken from his confinement, and disappeared from the town.

"And what will be the result of this?" he asked of the intelligent person who had given this information.

"He will be cashiered, at least," was the reply. "If Colonel Brownson has his own way he will be dealt with still more severely, on the charge for which he was arrested."

"Unless this colonel's hands can be tied," said Captain Wilson, indignantly. "There are powers higher than he."

"You seem to be a friend to Major Amberly," said Mr. Marvin, for it was our old friend. "I may safely inform you then that efforts have been made to obtain a pardon from the higher authorities, but they have failed, in consequence of the messengers not being able to pass the Indian lines. Colonel Brownson has called for a general court-martial, and the members of it are at present in town."

"Who has made these efforts?"

"I have."

"Then I can safely inform you that a pardon has been obtained, and but for Major Amberly's unfortunate flight his release would be assured."

"I have heard of this. His daughter——"

"Obtained the pardon. She is now a prisoner in the hands of the Indians."

"I know; this is the object of her father's flight. He hopes to rescue her."

"I was her fellow prisoner," said the captain. "I made my escape, after being entrusted by her with the pardon. I have it safely here."

He placed his hand with an air of triumph in the pocket which had contained the document. It was empty.

A frightened look came over his face as he searched all his pockets. His search was in vain, the important document had mysteriously disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. QUAIL'S RAINY DAY.

BY A. PARTRIDGE.

"Oh, dear, what a rainy, disagreeable day! I do believe it rained on purpose just because I had made my up mind to go to Sarah Jane's this afternoon. Now here I've got to stay cooped up in the house with a half a dozen crying children hanging around me; not a book fit to read, and the rain pouring in torrents. I have a good mind to go as it is, and bid defiance to it." And Mrs. Quail half arose from her chair.

"I would not go, my dear, it is raining so very hard."

It was her husband who spoke from one corner of the room, where he sat quietly reading his newspaper.

"Who spoke to you, Mr. Quail? I should think you had lived with me long enough to know better than to speak to me when I am so flustered. I *will* go now in spite of you!"

"Well, I don't know, but I would, my dear. I dare say you will find it does not rain so hard as you think. I will take care of the children while you are gone."

"Mr. Quail, when I, a young, trusting girl, left my mother's house and gave myself to you, I never thought the day would come when I should be told to go out in such a storm as this. Do not speak a word. I know what you are going to say. You think to excuse yourself, but you can't blind my eyes. I have seen it all along. You think you can get me to go to-day, and catch my death of cold, and then you can marry that hateful Susan Miller. Think of her being a mother to my sweet children! Oh, it is too much for any human being to bear!"

And Mrs. Quail, covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

"Don't cry, Amelia. You know I do not care for Susan Miller; and as for wishing you to go out in this storm, you know I opposed it at first."

"Yes, you opposed it," sobbed Mrs. Quail, "because you knew I would go if you told me not to. I always mean to have my own way, and never will be commanded by a man. Oh! I wish that I had married Josiah Greene, when he laid his large fortune and three children at my feet."

"I wish you had!"

"You know," Mrs. Quail continued, "I have always been a true wife to you, Mr. Quail; but I see you do not love me, and, if you will have the goodness to call a carriage, I will take the children and go, and never trouble you again."

"Where will you go, Amelia?"

"Anywhere, as long as I can get away from such a monster as you. Where are you going?"

"To call a carriage, as you directed."

"To call a carriage! I'd like to see you do it! Did you for a moment think I was in earnest? Did you suppose I was going to expose my dear children, tender lambs, to the mercy of such a storm as this? No, I am not quite as heartless as that. There, don't I hear them crying? I never did see such a troublesome set of children in my life! Always quarreling and fighting with each other. It is enough to wear one's life out! What! are you reading, Mr. Quail? Why don't you listen to me when I am talking? 'You did not know I was talking to you?' Who do you suppose I am talking to if not to you? There is no one else here."

"Amelia, my dear, did I tell you about that piece of blue silk I saw in Chestnut street yesterday? 'No, you believe not?' Why, really, how forgetful I am! Well, if to-morrow is a pleasant day, I intend to take you there, and, if you admire it, I think of buying it for you."

"Do you?" Mrs. Quail's voice was lowered to a softer tone. "Simon, you are the best husband I ever saw. I have always blessed the day that I refused Josiah Greene, for I know I should never be happy with him. Simon, my dear, don't you like such days as these? It seems as if I could do some work and not be bothered with visitors. But here come the children, little dears. We will take them with us for a walk to-morrow. I believe, now, I will go and see how the dinner is getting on;" and, with a satisfied smile, Mrs. Quail passed briskly from the room, while Mr. Quail sighed and resumed his reading.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

A prepossessing young lady, canvassing for a popular book, stepped into the office of a real estate broker, in Springfield, Mass., the other morning, and finding the broker apparently at leisure, asked him to look at her book. The gentleman politely informed her that it would only be a waste of time, as he could not purchase it.

"Oh, never mind that," ejaculated the vivacious young woman; "it won't cost anything to look at it, even if you don't buy. I should like to have you read some portions of it, and see what it is."

The accommodating broker took the volume, and, glancing at the title-page, commenced a perusal of the introduction. This finished, he began at the first chapter, and read carefully and leisurely along. It was about nine o'clock when he commenced, and an hour passed silently away. Then the book agent began to exhibit signs of nervousness, apparently unnoticed by the broker, for he never raised his eyes from the volume, but read steadily on. Eleven o'clock came, and the lady began to walk rather smartly about the room, glancing occasionally out of the windows. At noon the broker was still reading, and the agent wore a decidedly troubled countenance. A few minutes before one o'clock the broker laid the book down, leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and remarked, blandly:

"That is a very good book. I am sorry that I cannot read more of it, but I am obliged to go to dinner. If you will call in this afternoon I will read some more of it."

Our hearts are at least bright and brimful of love in the one hour of meeting, and in the other hour when we part, inconsolable; even as all the stars appear milder, larger, and more lovely at their rising and setting, than when they were over our heads.

Our principles are the springs of our actions; our actions the springs of our happiness or misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be taken in forming our principles.

THE DETHRONEMENT OF CHARLES X.

BY W. S. HAY.

One Monday morning of July, 1830, an article appeared in the *Moniteur*, the organ of the government of France, by order of Charles X, declaring that the freedom of the press was no longer to be permitted in the kingdom. There had been for some time bitter murmurings against the despotism of the king. Upon the appearance of this ordinance, excitement flamed like a conflagration through every lane and alley of the city. All the thoroughfares leading to the palace of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal were thronged with the roused masses. Readers, mounted on door-steps and barrels, read the ordinance to the excited multitude. During the whole day the commotion increased in its menace of violence. As night came, the tumult multiplied in the darkened streets.

The Royal Dragoons swept the thoroughfares to disperse the crowd. At one point the people, to protect themselves from the rush of the troops, overturned an omnibus, and throwing around it such material as was at hand, formed a barricade which the cavaly could not force. The hint was instantly adopted; and in all the leading streets barricades were formed, pavements torn up, and the people behind them defended themselves with pistols, guns and stones. Thus passed the night.

When the morning dawned, these formidable barricades were everywhere seen; and instead of the unarmed mobs who, on the preceding day, had fled before the dragoons, large masses of well-armed citizens presented themselves in military array, many of them led by veteran generals of the revolutionary armies. La Fayette had come from his retreat to aid the people in their new struggle. From the towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame the tricolor floated defiantly. Tricolored cockades were on every hat. The exciting tones of the tocsin and the drum rallied the multitude for war. Paris was a military camp. The king had at his immediate command eighteen thousand highly disciplined troops. To encounter them in serious war was no child's play. They were all assembled in the garden and court of the Tuileries. With the rising sun, in solid phalanx, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, they marched forth to sweep the streets of the insurgent city. A terrible conflict immediately ensued. Ball and grape-shot mowed down the reckless masses. Shells demolished houses where the people sought covert. It is not easy to conceive the horrors of such a conflict, in the crowded streets of a city. One lady, in terror, buried herself beneath the clothes of her bed. A cannon ball pierced the house, passed through her bed, and scattering her mangled limbs over the room, continued its path of carnage.

Eight gentlemen were taking their lunch at a table. A large ball swept over it, brushing it clean of its contents, and buried itself in the side of the house, injuring no one. The ball was afterwards gilded and suspended in front of the dwelling, with this inscription, "An orange from Charles X; the last token of his paternal love."

As the king's troops struggled through the streets, impeded by barricades, they were assailed from the windows, roofs, and every available point with a storm of bullets, and all the missiles of destruction which fury could grasp. For three days this conflict continued unabated. More than one thousand of the royal troops were killed on the first day. New troops were, however, continually brought in from a distance, while, at the same time, through every avenue, multitudes of enraged countrymen were continually gathering to swell the powers of resistance. During the three days, eight thousand persons were killed and wounded.

The king now became thoroughly alarmed. His troops, defeated, were all driven in upon their headquarters at the Tuileries and the Palais Royal, and from the assailants became the assailed. Charles X, astonished at the fury which he had excited, recalled the ordinance, and dismissed the ministry. But it was too late for compromise. The king, with his family, had fled from the perilous tumult of the city to St. Cloud, about five miles from Paris. There, with his spyglass, he watched the national flag, the emblem of Bourbon power, floating from the turrets of the Tuileries. Suddenly he saw it fall, and a moment after the tricolor rose upon the same flagstaff. The king turned pale as death, and exclaiming, "All is lost!" staggered to a chair. The triumphant people had, like an inundation, swept into the Louvre and the Tuileries, and the exhausted royal troops were driven before them like rubbish on the flood.

St. Cloud is but five miles from Paris. The royal family, in the utmost terror, anticipating an attack from the insurgent populace, fled to one of the royal hunting-seats at Rambouillet, thirty miles from Paris. Scarcely had the king arrived at his hunting-seat, ere the alarm couriers, from their foaming steeds, rushed into the presence of the royal family to tell them that the whole population of Paris seemed to be on the move to attack them. Men, women and children, on horseback, in hacks and omnibuses, in carts, and on foot, a motley throng of uncounted thousands were on their way to pay their fallen monarch a very unwelcome visit.

Charles X had not forgotten the scenes which the French monarchy had so frequently witnessed. His brother, Louis XVI, but a few years before, had been torn from his throne and his palace, and dragged in a cart to the guillotine. Thus admonished, the king sought safety in flight and exile. It was the third time he had been compelled to escape from France. The peril was so great, that the royal family could not wait for the dawn of the morning. It was, indeed, a night of terror and of tears, when Charles and his family, in midnight gloom, entered their carriages, accompanied by a few adherents, and fled from their foes. The shouts of the approaching multitude, and the crackle of musketry, filled the night air, as the Bourbons commenced their melancholy journey, from regal magnificence to ignominy and exile.

When the morning sun rose over the hills of France, this funeral procession of departed power was seen winding its way through the distant provinces of the empire, to find, in foreign lands, a refuge and a grave. The alarm bells of the nation tolled the knell of departed royalty, while now and then was heard the distant thunders of the insurrection gun. The tricolored flag, floating from every castle and turret, proclaimed that the Bourbons had gone down into a grave, from whence there was no resurrection. Charles and his son, and his grandson, three generations of kings, with the sobbing females of the household, were crushed by griefs not easily imagined. They darkened the windows of their carriages, that they might conceal from the popular gaze their countenances, worn with sleeplessness and despair.

Trembling, in constant fear of arrest, they hardly ventured to alight for refreshment or repose, in their flight from the splendors of the Tuileries and Versailles, to comparative poverty and obscurity. A few hundred of the defeated bodyguard of the king followed in the train of the royal carriages, the pall-bearers of the Bourbon hearse. When they reached the shore, they were taken into two American ships, and conveyed to England. Death rapidly diminished their numbers, and the survivors, with their descendants, are now widely dispersed.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in what is now Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of the United States was as little known as the country in the heart of Africa itself. It was not till 1776 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. And the first pioneers of Ohio did not settle till twenty years later still. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and Washington was a modest Virginia colonel, and the United States was a loyal part of the British Empire, and scarcely a speck on the political horizon indicated the struggle that in a few years was to lay the foundation of the greatest Republic of the world.

A hundred years ago there was but four small papers in America; steam engines had not been imagined, and locomotives, and steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, and postal cards, and friction matches, percussion caps, and breech-loading guns, and stoves and furnaces, and gas for dwellings, and India rubber shoes, and Spaulding's glue, and sewing machines, and anthracite coal, and photographs, and chromo printing, and kerosene oil, and the safety lamp, and the compound blow-pipe, and free schools, and spring mattresses, and wood engravings, and Brussels carpets, and lever watches, and greenbacks, and cotton and woolen factories, in anything like the present meanings of these terms, were utterly unknown.

A hundred years ago the spinning wheel was in almost every family, and clothing was spun and woven and made up in the household; and the printing press was a cumbrous machine worked by hand; and a nail, or a brick, or a knife, or a pair of scissors or shears, or a razor, or a woven pair of stockings, or an axe, or a hoe, or a shovel, or a lock, or a key, or a plate of glass of any size, was not made in what is now the United States. Even in 1790 there were only seventy-five post offices in the country, and the whole extent of our post office routes was less than nineteen hundred miles. Cheap postage was unheard of, and had any one suggested the transmission of messages with lightning speed, he would have been regarded utterly insane.

The microscope on one hand, and the telescope on the other, were in their infancy as instruments of science, and geology and chemistry were almost unknown. In a word, it is true that to the century past have been allotted more improvements, in their bearing upon the comfort and happiness of mankind, than to any other which has elapsed since the creation of the world. With all these improvements within the century, who would allow such narrow and contracted views as to object to a suitable centennial celebration of the marvelous progress of the age?

Advertising by the Ancients.—The Romans largely advertised private as well as public matters, and by writing as well as by word of mouth. They had their *praecones*, or criers, who not only had their public duties, but announced the time, place, and conditions of sales, and cried things lost. Hawkers cried their own goods. Thus, Cicero speaks of one who cried figs: *Caunea clamitabat* (he cried out figs!) But the Romans also advertised, in a stricter sense of the term, by writing. The bills were called *libelli*, and were used for advertising sales of estates, for absconding debtors, and for things lost or found. The advertisements were often written on tablets, which were affixed to pillars. On the walls of Pompeii have been discovered various advertisements. There will be a dedication, or formal opening of certain baths. The company attending are promised slaughter of wild beasts, athletic games, perfumed sprinkling, and awnings to keep off the sun. One other mode of public announcement employed by the Romans should be mentioned, and that was by signs suspended or painted on the wall. Thus, a suspended shield served as the sign of a tavern; and nuisances were prohibited by a painting of two sacred serpents.

Lucky and Unlucky Numbers.—The superstition of the world would afford material for a great deal of curious investigation. One of its oddest features is the belief in lucky numbers, which is to be found among very sensible people. It is generally fancied that even numbers are unlucky, and a writer gives a reason for this, namely, that an even number can always be divided by two, thus denoting death and dissolution. Some of the early Christians cherished a curious faith in odd numbers. In some parts of England a housewife is always particular to set her hens on an odd number of eggs, lest otherwise there should be no chicks. But, if the Graces were three, so also were the Furies; and a statistical comparison would convince any inquirer that one number is no more lucky than another. Still we shall probably keep on saying, "Three times and then out," "There's luck in odd numbers," and the rest of the superstitious old saws.

Nothing is so disgusting as the whine of tenderness; the mere cant of feeling, the parade of sympathy; they bring the most amiable part of our nature into disrepute, and prevent many a man from being generous, lest he should be thought ridiculous.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

HANGING PICTURES.

There is no better proof of the insensibility of many owners of pictures than their habit of hanging them where not a creature except the flies can ever hope to behold them. When pictures are hung one above another the large picture may be placed high enough to make room for a smaller one under it. Pictures hung in ordinary rooms, which people inhabit regularly, should not be crowded up to the very ceiling like an exhibition, but rather carefully isolated and distributed all over the house, such pictures only being allowed to remain near each other as are naturally fitted to be companions. They ought also to be intellectually in harmony with the uses of the room. Illustrations of literature, and portraits of authors, have a greater value in libraries than in billiard rooms. We enjoy good landscapes so heartily ourselves that we are glad to meet with them anywhere, but they have a better chance of being seen in drawing-rooms than in dining-rooms. And if you have any ugly portraits that you have an affection for, as is very likely, let them be placed in your most private rooms, where no guests come. They are better there for many reasons. It is in our calmest hours that the dead come back to us in memory; it is then that we hear again their dead voices; it is then that we recall most vividly their half-forgotten looks and gestures. Alone, we may look up to it through brimming tears, but the world will not weep before it.

Some people think that, if they are in trouble about anything, the first thing to do is to run to some one for advice. This is very well if the person applied to is capable of giving good advice. But that requisite is too often lost sight of, and the mischiefs which result from following bad advice are almost incalculable. We do not mean advice given from wicked motives, but such as results from a lack of wisdom in the giver, or too imperfect a knowledge of the circumstances of the case. It is better to be governed entirely by your own judgment than to go to a fool for advice.

Memory presides over the past, action over the present. The first is a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit.

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The separation of friends by death is less terrible than the divorces of true hearts that have loved, but have ceased to sympathize, while memory is still recalling what they once were to each other.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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whose peace and happiness he was plotting to strike a death-blow.

His plan was to arouse jealousy and distrust toward his young and beautiful wife in the breast of the banker. When that was accomplished, the rest would be comparatively easy—to cause a separation, and bring Nora under the ban of public opinion.

The cool, calculating villain had no conscience to outrage, no scruples to overcome. But he began to suspect, even in that first hour, that he had a heart.

"Rose had better look to her laurels, if this affair is to go on," he thought. "I have been very fond of the sly little minx; but this incomparable mistress of Rosewood quite casts her in the shade. Ah, me! If Nora were only single, and I were only rich——"

He heaved a sigh, and his cogitations ended there. It was a theme he could not afford to pursue, simply because no benefit could come of it.

Of course his devoted attentions to Mrs. Vaughn did not pass unnoticed. It was no part of his plan that they should do so. More than once he caught Rose's eyes bent frowningly upon his face. Once, she leaned toward him, and said in an undertone:

"If you were a trifle less devoted, I am sure it would be quite as well."

He smiled quietly.

"You know I am playing a part. Of course I must play it well. Don't be jealous, my dear; you have no cause."

Rose looked as if she were not so sure of that.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SEEDS OF DISTRUST.

When dinner was over, everybody adjourned to the drawing-room, where there was music and chess with which to idle away the time.

Roland Dane still remained near Nora. His eyes followed every movement she made, his deft hands anticipated every want, even before it was put into words. A newly-declared lover could not have been more devoted in his attentions.

Rose watched them until she was almost wild with jealous pain. Even to herself, Roland's manner had never been so full of impassioned devotion. Could it be all put on?

When she could bear the uncertainty no longer she crossed to the piano, where Godfrey stood listlessly turning over some sheets of music, and dropped her hand upon his arm.

"The room is terribly oppressive," she said. "I am faint. Take me out upon the verandah for a breath of fresh air."

She did look frightfully pale. Godfrey glanced at her, then turned his eyes toward a little alcove further down the apartment, where Mrs. Vaughn and Roland sat side by side, with a book of engravings before them.

Nora was talking volubly, and smiling every now and then upon her companion. But there was nothing in her manner to excite distrust. She was simply the courteous and affable hostess. Roland Dane seemed to be the real offender.

A sneer curled Godfrey's lip. He very readily guessed the cause of Rose's pallor.

"Of course I will take you," he said, in a low voice. "But you're a fool, Rose. I know why you wish to go."

He led her away. The instant they were free from observation, she turned to him, saying sharply:

"What infamous plot are you and Roland hatching between you? Tell me this instant, for I will know."

"Infamous plot?" he repeated.

"Yes. Don't beat about the bush," she went on, passionately. "If you expect me to lend myself to your wicked schemes, you must tell me all about them."

Godfrey laughed mockingly.

"You do not appear to hold me very high in your esteem, Rose; otherwise, you would not apply such epithets to my actions."

"Tell me!" she hissed, "or I shall go directly to my uncle and expose you."

"You are jealous, Rose. You are fond of Roland Dane yourself, and cannot endure to see him pay the slightest attention to another woman."

"Granted. What then?"

"Only this," he answered, looking her steadfastly in the face, "the betrothed wife of Eugene Lennox has no right to be jealous of another than her lover."

"Humph. I did not come here to discuss that question. I should not think of discussing it with you, in any event."

"Very likely. But you will do a very unwise thing if you throw Lennox over, and give yourself up to this foolish infatuation for an adventurer—for Dane is nothing more nor less."

"He is your friend," she retorted.

"Granted."

"You deem him quite good enough to do your dirty work—work you are not clever enough to undertake by yourself."

"Certainly," was the cool reply. "But he is not good enough to mate with the proud race of the Vaughns."

Rose made an impatient gesture.

"That for the haughty Vaughns," she cried, snapping her fingers contemptuously. "There is not much of their blood in my veins. I am my father's own child—a Carrington out and out. And I will not submit to dictation. You dare not attempt it."

Godfrey ground his teeth, and was silent. No, he did not dare. And he was beginning to understand, at last, the price Roland meant to demand for assisting him.

Well, it could not be helped. His feet were already in the dark road, and he could not turn back.

"Now tell me your plans," said Rose, in a resolute voice, after a moment's silence. "We have no time to waste. Somebody may come out and interrupt us at any moment."

Nevertheless, Godfrey did not reply at once. He took time to consider with himself.

"For the present it is sufficient to tell you this," he said, at last. "My uncle's wife is to be brought down from her high estate. She is an interloper. She must not stand between us two and the Vaughn property."

"Never!" breathed Rose, fiercely.

"There is only one way to accomplish our purpose," he went on, in a hard, mechanical voice. "Uncle Douglas must be made to loathe and despise the woman he has married. He must be made to thrust her from him as an accursed thing."

He spoke with gleaming eyes, and compressed lips. A shudder convulsed the frame of his listener; but she did not recoil from him.

"I understand you," she said. "I suspected your object; but now I am sure of it."

"You will help to further my plans?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "if I am to reap any benefit from them."

"Uncle Douglas' fortune——"

"You will share it with me?" she interrupted, greedily.

"As much of it as comes into my possession."

"Enough. You may rely upon my aid."

Their cold hands touched each other, and so the nefarious compact was sealed.

"Now go back to the drawing-room," said Godfrey, "and try to curb your foolish jealousy. Roland Dane is the instrument by means of which our object must be gained. You can behold his devoted attentions to Mrs. Vaughn without a pang, from this time forward. Those attentions mean nothing. They are but a part of the comedy we are playing."

"You are sure they mean nothing?" she persisted.

"Yes. Now don't ruin everything by your folly, Rose. Much, very much, depends upon yourself in this affair. If Roland Dane was likely to fall in love with Mrs. Vaughn in sober earnest, think you I should permit him to hover about her in the way he is now doing?"

Something in his tone caused Rose to glance up quickly. Like a flash came the memory of the few words she had overheard pass between him and Nora, that day so long ago, when Nora had first crossed the banker's path.

She had suspected then that Godfrey must have known and loved her. Now she was sure of it, and a singular smile curled her lip.

"No," she answered. "I do not think you would permit it. We will go in, if you please."

They found Nora and Roland still sitting side and side in the alcove. Rose, in spite of what she had heard, could not repress a pang at the sight.

"I could not endure this sort of thing forever," she murmured. "There is only one way to put an end to it, and that is to help along the result Godfrey is so anxious to bring about as fast as possible."

Major Vaughn stood near one of the open windows, his eyes bent in idolatrous love upon the sparkling face of his wife, as she conversed with Dane. Rose glided up to him.

"What a charming couple they would make," she said, laughingly, pointing out the young people in the alcove.

The banker gave a slight start, but answered readily:

"Yes, very charming."

"I believe they know what a pretty picture they make, and keep up this long *tete-a-tete* on purpose to be admired."

"Mrs. Vaughn is not a vain woman."

"I beg your pardon, Uncle Douglas, but all women are vain," merrily persisted Rose. "Take my word for it, Mrs. Vaughn knows she is charming. She knows, too, that Roland Dane is an unusually handsome man, and that she shows to the best advantage by his side."

A slight frown contracted Major Vaughn's brow. He was but human, and no man likes to hear such assertions. It was almost as if Rose meant to compare himself with Dane to his disparagement.

"I am sure you wrong my wife by such a thought," he said, with some displeasure in his tone.

"Possibly. But Mr. Dane admires her immensely. Anybody can see that. He has scarcely left her side, and I doubt if he saw anybody else while we were at dinner."

The poisoned shaft struck home. The banker's face paled perceptibly.

"The impudent scoundrel!" he muttered, under his breath.

"It must be very pleasant to you, having your wife so much admired," Rose went on, in charming unconsciousness.

"Very pleasant," he answered, but his looks belied his words.

He moved away shortly, crossing to the alcove where his wife was sitting.

"You must not suffer Mr. Dane to monopolize you entirely, Nora," he said, with scant politeness. "Remember, we have other guests."

Nora looked up at him in surprise and dismay. There was something in his tone that wounded her to the quick.

"Forgive me," she said, gently. "I was not aware how long I had been sitting here."

An unfortunate remark, and one into which a guilty person would not have been betrayed. But it caused Major Vaughn to bite his lip angrily.

Roland Dane rose with a murmured apology. But there was a smile of triumph upon his face as he glanced furtively at Godfrey, who was watching the little scene from the far end of the apartment.

"The first blow has been struck," he said, gliding up to him, with noiseless footsteps. "Your uncle is jealous of me already. Have I not played my cards well?"

"No man could have played them better," was answered in the same guarded tone of voice. "But you have Rose to thank for the first triumph."

"Rose?" with a quick uplifting of his heavy brows. "Perhaps," and with a half sneer he moved away again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRIED POTATOES.

Who will say, after reading this, that a poetic mind will not invest anything with interest? Just think of fried potatoes melting away "like a kiss on the sweet lips, with a dying crackle," etc.

Select eight large potatoes, pare and slice thin, soak in cold water for two hours, and stir common table salt into the water, one teaspoonful to a quart, and allow them to remain in the brine half an hour longer. Pour them upon a screen to drain, and put on a spider, with a pound of clear lard, over a brisk fire. Wipe the sliced potatoes dry on a towel, wait until the lard is smoking hot, and pour a large plateful into the spider. The result is like a small sea in a white squall, and now the cook shows the artistic soul which every votary of that noblest of the arts must possess to be worthy of the name. Patient and calm, with an incessant and steady motion of the skimmer she prevents adhesion of any two affectionate slices, and watches carefully for the blush of the browniness to appear. Slowly it creeps and deepens until it rivals the hue of the fragrant Havana. Haste then takes the place of caution, lest any martyrs burn for the perfection of the others; and they must quickly be spread upon another sieve to drain until dry, and greaseless enough for the fairest fingers, then served hot to melt away "like a kiss on the sweet lips, with a dying crackle like the fallen leaves of autumn."

FACETIÆ

A GRATE MISTAKE.—Cheap coals.

THE "POUND OF FLESH."—Mince-meat.

LIGHT CHARACTERS.—Persons with cork soles.

HOW TO MEET A MAN OF DOUBTFUL CREDIT.—Take no note of him.

A GENTLEMAN, accustomed to the signature of the firm to which he was partner, having to sign a baptismal register of one of his children, entered it as *the son of Smith, Jones & Co.*

A FASHIONABLE, but illiterate New York lady, traveling on the continent, writes to a friend that she has just seen the "museum of iniquities" in Genoa, and she does think it is "perfectly splendid."

In England rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames,
Whoever in Columbia sails
Finds them ma'mselles or dames;
Yes, here the softer sex presides
Aquatic, I assure ye;
And Mrs. Sippi rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Souri.

ASSES' MILK.—Dr. Walcott, better known as Peter Pindar, had, for some time, a most violent cough, when his friend, Dr. Geageh, persisted in recommending asses' milk as a certain cure. The bard, tired of his importunities, at length quieted him by sending the following epigram:

"And, doctor, do you really think
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
'Twould quite remove my cough, you say,
And drive my old complaints away.
It cured yourself, I grant it true:
But then, 'twas *mother's* milk to you."

THE LATEST TARIFF.—A calculation of the effect of a slight gratuity on a hotel or restaurant waiter, comes something as follows:

Three cents, slight bow; apt to inspect coin as if expecting it to change into something larger.

Five cents, "'bliged."

Six cents, "Thank you."

Ten cents, "Thank you, colonel."

Fifteen cents, "Thank you, general."

Twenty cents; low bow; flourish of napkin, formula as above.

Quarter; profound bow; alacrity to find hat; feint to brush it with the elbow; door held open.

Half dollar, happiness.

Dollar, bliss.

HUMAN NATURE.—There is a good anecdote told of an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that cold compound of incompatibles called "human nature."

It was a Christmas eve of one of those old fashioned winters which were so cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful servant: "It's a terrible cold night, Scipio; I am afraid my poor neighbor, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow; fill it full of wood; pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself comfortable. But before you go, Scipio, put up some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

Those last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again: "Stop, Scipio; you need not go now. *The weather has moderated.*"

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

Step into the garden 'mid Summer flowers blooming;
Their petals expanding and beauteous to see,
The roses, the lilies, and gay beds perfuming,
More lovely, more fragrant are where they do me.

Now list to the breeze—oft a cruel intruder—
Blighting blossoms and rending fair buds from the tree;
Ah! merciless Boreas! no hand ever ruder,
Destroyer of beauty oft, when you do me.

The pugilist dexterous, cunning and willful,
With pain his antagonist making feel me;
He counts well his chances, and shows himself skillful,
And oft he is merciless when he gives me.

The bluebottle, trumpeter, flute-player, smoker,
They all of them do me; indeed it is true
The whale puts his nose—such a jolly big poker!—
Quite out of the water, but just me to do.

JESSY.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

N D S Y W L D T H T H N S H L D D T Y D Y L S T T H M L K W S.—St. Luke, VI chap.

The letters dropped are vowels.

FORT TOTTEN.

WORD SQUARE.

1. An ancient race.
2. An article of commerce.
3. A product of the sea.
4. A wanderer.
5. A fairy nymph.

GARMEN.

NAME PUZZLES.

1. Take the given names of five ladies so as to form a sixth in the initials.

2. Take the given names of six gentlemen, and let the initials form a seventh.

LITTLE ONE.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 32.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 26, Vol. 34.

ANAGRAMMATICAL PROVERB.—1. Open rebuke is better than secret love. 2. A good name is better to be chosen than great riches.

HIDDEN FRUIT.—1. Peach. 2. Pears. 3. Apple. 4. Plum.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Foal, loaf. 2. Mail, Lima. 3. Mope, poem. 4. Palm, lamp. 5. Pot, top. 6. Roe, ore.

ENIGMA.—Paper.

BROKEN VOWS.

BY HOWARD W. LONG.

Repeat the vows that thou wert wont,
Not long ago, to breathe to me;
When thou didst utter words of love,
And bade me place full trust in thee.
Oh, in that fatal hour I gave
My throbbing heart into thy care,
Ne'er dreaming of inconstancy,
Or of a broken heart's despair.

And thou, in accents sweet, declared
Thy love for me should never fade;
Yet, thy fancy was but fleeting,
And thy love has soon decayed.
And, oh, the vows thus lightly broke,
Perchance, will lightly rest on thee:
But, in the heart thou hast betrayed,
Fond, trusting love ne'er more will be.

Oh, blight no other's joys like mine!
But to thy new born love be true:
And, as the time flies swiftly on,
May age thy happiness renew.
Farewell! for since love is no more,
Life has no charms—my joys have fled;
For fond and trusting hearts like mine
Are broken down when love is dead!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SURPRISE.

Major Amberly and the two scouts went forward with some rapidity on the trail they had discovered. The ground here, bordering the river, was clad with a close carpet of short, luxuriant grass, in which the footsteps of the fugitives were very plainly defined.

The stream ran with a graceful sweep round the sharp bend in its course. Richly verdant trees crowded to its edge, and hung their heavy boughs far over its waters.

The singing and twittering of birds, the voices of numberless insects, came everywhere to their ears. Nimble squirrels shot across their path. Butterflies, of gorgeous plumage, flitted through the air before them. All the multitudinous life of the woodland was active all about them. Yet they had eyes only for the faint tracks in the grass, ears only for possible sounds of danger; all else was dead to their senses.

After turning the bend, the trail led away from the river, penetrating the depths of the dense forest, through whose interlacing boughs scarce a ray of sunlight penetrated.

The character of the soil changed as they went deeper into the woods. It became harder and less fertile, a longer but sparsely-growing grass replaced the close sward they had just left, patches of moss spread here and there, running vines lifted their leaves upward on long tendrils, young plants peeped above the surface.

The scouts had no trouble in following the trail, which, indeed, the Indians had taken little or no pains to conceal.

They were evidently satisfied that the false trail they had made would lead all pursuers astray, supposing any pursuers should escape the vigilance of their friends on the mound.

They had still stepped with their habitual caution, but the weary prisoners had trodden heavily, leaving their footprints plainly defined.

Here a broken twig, here some bent blades of grass, here a torn vine, under which a foot had caught, here a crushed wild flower, were the indications that the pursuers followed with rapid assurance, a path as plain to their eyes as though it were trodden deep into the soil.

Here and there, in patches of damp moss, or on the soft borders of rivulets, the footsteps were clearly defined, and Major Amberly beheld with hopeful emotions the well-remembered print of his daughter's light foot.

Phil Sawyer watched, with no less interest, for the heavier and broader tread of Laura, and looked, with lover-like eyes, on the faint impressions which were so significant to his alert senses.

His lips were drawn together with a firm, close set, and his hand closed tight round the barrel of his rifle, as these telltale marks met his eyes. He was then silently vowing revenge and retribution on the savage abductors.

"This trail has been made within two or three hours," said Jack. "The redskins aren't, at the most, more than six miles ahead of us, and they can't move fast with their prisoners. I bet we forge close up on them by night."

"A stern chase is a long one," said Phil.

"That's true enough, Phil, and I may be miscalculating," said the older scout. "We'll fetch them, anyhow, if it's a week from now."

"If you should overtake them what do you design doing?" asked Major Amberly.

"That can't be said now," replied Jack. "There's a dozen ways of circumventing redskins. We've got to be wide awake, that's the first point. You can't go it blind on an Indian scout. They've got eyes like eagles, and ears like rabbits."

"I have a dread for the life of my daughter. I fear that if they find themselves pursued they will murder their prisoners."

"There's a risk of that," said Jack, gravely. "But I can't say that I'm much afeard of it. I don't calculate to let them see us till they feel us."

Phil said nothing, but he vowed inwardly to sacrifice ten Indians if a hair of Laura's head was harmed.

"I will leave you two to follow up the trail," said Jack, "there is another important matter to look after."

"What is that?" asked the major.

"Grub," was Jack's expressive reply. "We ain't got up to live without eating."

With this hint of his object, he strode off through the forest, towards the stream, soon disappearing from sight in its bushy depths.

The others continued to follow the trail, though with much more care, now that they had lost the experienced eyes of Jack Gray. Phil's senses were acute, but he had not been trained in this work, and at intervals the trail grew very obscure.

Every sign was noted by him with the closest attention. He would not for the world have gone astray, when trusted by the veteran scout with this most important part of their enterprise.

They had made, perhaps, a half mile on their route, when the faint report of a rifle came to them from the woods to their right.

They continued on their course, not imagining that Jack would have any difficulty in finding them. They were right; ere they had progressed a mile further he made his appearance following the trail.

The pouch by his side was widely distended with the proceeds of his hunt."

"All right," he cried. "Strike a blaze, Phil. It's full dinner'time. I've got some antelope steak here that won't go bad after our stroll."

In ten minutes the fire was blazing, and the appetising meat briskly cooking. Their culinary arrangement was of the most primitive character, but appetite furnished spice to their meat, and the woodland meal proved highly enjoyable.

A half hour and more had passed ere they again resumed their journey, and Major Amberly's impatience at the delay was extreme. It seemed to him that every minute lost diminished the hope of recovering his captive child, and his natural lack of patience redoubled his fatherly anxiety.

"There's a kind of going ahead that's worse than going backwards," said Jack, coolly, as they again took the trail. "We'll be further ahead three hours from now than if we hadn't stopped."

The major had to acknowledge the justice of this remark. He could not but feel renewed strength from his rest, while the rich vigor of the meat flowed into nerves and muscles, giving new life to his flagging energies.

The remainder of the meat had been partly cooked to preserve it, and replaced in Jack's pouch. They were provisioned for the next two days.

Hour followed after hour, miles succeeded miles, the afternoon was waning, the shadows of approaching evening lurked under their leafy canopy, and still they strode on, with unabated activity, through the interminable wood.

There was no delay or halting under the leadership of Jack Gray. The trail seemed as plain to him as if it had been traced by fire through the forest.

Here and there it was utterly lost, on a shelf of rock, or an expanse of bare, hard earth, but he strode on without a pause. The course of the fugitives was straight, and he knew he would take the trail up again further on.

They now came again within sight of the river, and within a belt of softer and more fertile soil. The trail here became plainer. Jack finally paused, and examined it with the closest attention.

"Will we overtake them soon?" asked the father, anxiously. "They could not have gone very rapidly with their tender captives."

"Savages on the march don't have much mercy on women," said Jack. "I'm in hopes they're too weak themselves to walk fast."

He continued to examine the trail.

"See here, Phil!" he at length said, pointing to a long, narrow impression. "That's likely the big chief. Here's his mark again. Look at the length of the stride."

"Not half what his long legs ought to make," said Phil.

"They were going slow when they passed here. There's your friend, Laura! She stumbled there, and caught that branch to save her. The poor thing was near used up."

"And my daughter?" asked the major, hoarsely, himself anxiously looking for the well-known footprint.

"There's one odd thing," said Jack, not heeding the question of the father.

"What is that?" asked Phil.

"On the other trail we had the steps of two white men, whom we took to be Captain Wilson and Captain Allen."

"Yes."

"I haven't seen but one of them today. There it is!—Captain Allen, I think. Wilson has a broader foot. The American captain isn't with them."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Major Amberly, with interest.

"Sure as shooting. He's either given them leg bail, or else he's gone under."

The hint of the possibility of the savages having already committed murder, sent a thrill of horrified apprehension through the major's heart. What would be the fate of his daughter in such blood-thirsty hands?

"We've been forging up on them all day," said Jack. "The grass here has hardly begun to spring up under their feet. I doubt if they're more than half an hour ahead."

"See how the shadows are growing," said the major. "It will soon be too dark to see the trail. Suppose they push on by night?"

"Not they," said Jack, securely. "There's little push left in them. They'll fire up and stretch out for the night somewhere within the next five miles."

"And we can surprise them in the night?" asked the major.

"Don't know till the time comes," was Jack's reply. "We've got to make the best use of what little daylight is left. Step out briskly. The trail runs here like a buffalo's track."

The scout was right in his conjecture. The Indians had bivouacked for the night within five miles of the present position of their pursuers.

Their fire was built in a somewhat sheltered bottom, open to the river, but with a bushy slope guarding its western side.

The fatiguing journey of the day had disposed them all for slumber, the weariness of the captives overcoming their anxiety.

But mindful of the escape of the previous night, their guards had taken a double precaution. Not satisfied with binding the captives firmly hand and foot, they had placed one of their number on guard.

The night moved on with no sound louder than that of the insect orchestra of the forest. The moon rose, but its light was veiled by a thin mist. The gloom of the forest aisles defied its faint beams. The firelight threw a lurid glow into the wood, and across the gleaming water, displaying the tall form of the sentinel, though he stood somewhat without its circle of light.

He had received a severe flesh wound in the left side, and was wearied by his day's exertions. His erect posture was exchanged for a sitting one. Premonitions of slumber surprised his vigilant eyes. He struggled to throw off the disposition to sleep.

Yet was his vigilance now most called for. With the slow, gliding motion of the serpent, a human form was approaching him, crawling under the dark edge of the line of bushes that half encircled the fire, moving as noiselessly as the panther approaches his prey.

Foot by foot the creeping figure drew near the nodding savage. A yard—a foot hardly now separated them. The form was drawn up as if for a spring. Something glittered in the flash of the firelight as the right hand was advanced.

The Indian rubbed his eyes, looked sleepily before him, and essayed to rise. Ere he could do so, a hand grasped his throat with a fierce, choking grasp, and he was borne helplessly backward, his wondering eyes glaring up into the face of a white man that bent above him.

The savage instinctively drew up his limbs, and essayed to grasp his foe in his sinewy arms. A fierce struggle would have ensued, but for the advantage gained by his foe. A quick, resolute blow, and a keen, long-bladed knife pierced the heart of the savage.

A convulsive stretch of the limbs, a faint gurgle in the throat, and death came upon him.

Phil Sawyer's hand had taken its first human life. Imminent as was the need of violence, he shuddered as he drew himself away from the silent, pulseless form, a horror of the deed following the excited energy which had driven him to it.

No alarm had come to the sleeping savages from this tragedy passing so near them. Their foe crept boldly but silently on, still clinging to the bushes, and approaching the bivouac.

Now he was obliged to leave his shelter and advance into the full circle of the fire. Savages and captives alike slept on unheeding.

No alarm came to the latter, even when the edge of the keen knife was drawn across their bonds, successively freeing their limbs.

The captives were partly encircled by the line of savages, but the numbers of the latter were insufficient to quite surround them.

Laura lay in deep slumber somewhat outside the others. She stirred uneasily as a hand was pressed upon her mouth. Her eyes opened. She looked into the face of Phil Sawyer bending over her. A half cry of recognition broke from her lips despite his efforts.

It was sufficient to awaken one of the Indians. In a single glance the savage took in the situation, sprang to his feet with a loud whoop, and essayed to leap upon the stooping scout.

But the latter was too quick for him. He rose and met the savage face to face, a quick blow of his clenched fist hurling the Indian among his comrades, who had just taken the alarm and were rising from their slumber.

With a shrill cry of warning Phil sprang for the bushes. He was little quicker than Lone Star, who grasped his rifle and made one leap into the thicket behind him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CAPTAIN WILSON'S FLIGHT.

Captain Wilson had found his limbs less securely tied than his captors had intended. He was fully determined to escape if the opportunity should arise, and, as soon as the Indians were locked in slumber, commenced a series of muscular contortions of the arms that somewhat loosened his bonds.

His hands were small, and he felt satisfied now that he could easily slip them through the ropes that encircled his wrists. It was a feat he had practiced before, being easy to a man with small hands and large wrists.

It was some time after midnight ere he made any further movement, waiting until the slumber of the savages should be at its deepest.

Once or twice during the night an Indian had arisen, looked at the prisoners, and replenished the fire; but now all were securely sleeping.

With no great trouble the captive succeeded in his purpose, drawing his hand through the loosened bonds. Next, with a cautious movement, he drew a knife from the possession of one of the Indians, and cut the ropes that bound his ankles. He was free.

He lay for some ten minutes without moving, seriously debating with himself whether he should waken the other captives and strive to procure their freedom. But there were dangerous obstacles in the way of this action. Some noise or unlucky motion would very probably be made, and the slightest disturbance would rouse their vigilant captors.

Even if escape of the whole party was effected they would soon have the savages on their trail, and what hope had they of successful flight, ignorant of woodcraft, and wandering through an unknown forest?

He alone might escape, for the Indians would scarcely leave their other prisoners to pursue him.

He bore in his pocket the valuable papers which he had pledged himself to deliver to Major Amberly. He could raise a rescuing party and return on the trail of the savages.

These were a few of the many thoughts that ran through the mind of the freed prisoner. His own escape was far from assured. He could not move with the cat-like motion of the savage or the scout. A broken twig, a rustling bush, might rouse his foes. Multiply this peril by four, add to it the danger of an alarm by newly awakened prisoners, and the chances of escape would be reduced to almost nothing.

He concluded to make the effort alone. He hoped to be able to bring a party to the rescue of his fellow captives.

He slowly dragged himself away from the line of sleeping foes, with a stealthy, noiseless motion. He moved in this way some ten feet before he ventured to lift himself to his feet. This movement was made with the utmost care. The savages still slept. He had so far succeeded.

With slow, cautious steps he penetrated the wood, watching his foes nervously, and contriving to bring the trunks of trees between himself and the fire.

Despite his care a dead twig snapped under his foot. One of the Indians stirred uneasily. The fugitive stood motionless, his pulse throbbing with intense force, his fingers clutching the handle of the knife he had taken.

The savage sank back into slumber. The noise had been too slight to quite arouse him. For five minutes the escaped captive stood without moving, waiting till the disturbed senses of the Indian should be again locked in unconsciousness.

He then moved again, with the same caution as before. In ten minutes more he was at a safe distance in the forest, out of the reach of the fire-light, or of danger of disturbing the savages by a slight noise.

He now walked more rapidly. The moonlight penetrated the leafy canopy of the forest sufficiently to somewhat dispel its deep gloom. It was now considerably west of its meridian passage,

The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

There are said to be vague rumors afloat through the frosty air concerning that item of potent interest, the Spring bonnet. How time rushes on, and how our desires and longings for "something new" keep pace with time. Scarcely are we fairly in one season before we commence to think of, and prepare for a new one. We are not even going to give an opinion this week concerning that wonderful bonnet, but let our readers indulge their imaginations.

Among the costumes which we will describe in this issue is a suit for a young lady—a promenade toilette.

The dress is of a bluish gray, *drap-d'été* trimmed with a deep kilt-plaited flounce, while a narrower kilting bordered the overdress.

The dolman jacket is of dark blue diagonal cloth, trimmed with bows of black or blue-watered ribbon and deep ball fringe headed by a band of chinchilla fur. The sleeves are coat-shaped, and over them fall a long draped or Venetian sleeve, the two connected by ribbon bows. Chinchilla fur edges the sleeve and the neck.

Hat of dark blue velvet, trimmed with bands of chinchilla fur and a gray plume. Right side turned up high, and lined with dark blue silk laid in flutes or plaits, against which is placed a cluster of pale buff tea roses with buds.

A suit for a little boy of eight or nine was of dark brown cloth; the jacket long and fitting over the hips. A closely buttoned vest in front, over which the jacket fronts were fastened by a narrow band or belt of the material. The vest was of the Louis Quatorze shape and quite as long as the jacket. The pants were short and tapering to just below the knee, where they were confined with buttons on the inside of the leg. The trimmings were short strips of braid and small black buttons.

A costume for a little girl of seven or eight was as follows: The dress is of dark plum-colored velvet, or velvetta, made plain and laid in deep kilt plaits. The sacque and an overcape or circular are of pale tan-colored cheviot cloth—a sort of golden tan. The sacque fits the figure well, and has an additional fullness given to the skirts of it by a double box plait at the back. The sleeves are a loose, coat-shape, and all the edges are cut in points, and bound in bias faille of the same tint as the cloth. The overcape is in three pieces one above the other, the top one forming a deep collar. Two yards of wide cloth will make this garment.

A very stylish walking toilette of dark blue diagonal serge was made in this wise: The skirt was trimmed with a deep box-plaited flounce, somewhat narrower in front than at the back; surmounting this flounce was a knife-edge plaiting and two upstanding ruffles—the last-named were lined with fine crinoline to hold them in position.

The overskirt was a long square apron, with two deep back breadths attached; these latter were draped to form a bouffante. The edges were trimmed with a knife-edge plaiting four and a half inches wide. The waist was laid in lengthwise box plaits, and had short round skirts laid in plaits and scalloped on the edges. The sleeve was coat shape, but laid in upturned, overlapping pleats from the wrist to the shoulder. A narrow pleating or ruffle is just at the wrist and falls over the hand.

A costume of faille, gray, with raised stripes of velvet a shade darker, was made with an overskirt and cuirass jacket.

The underskirt has a deep bias flounce of velvet, of a color to match the velvet stripe in the faille. Above this is a narrow gathered flounce of the faille, cut bias; then a plaiting of the same, cut straight, and piped on each edge with velvet.

The front of the round apron overskirt is of the velvet, the sides of the striped faille. The sleeves are coat-shaped, and of the striped faille, and the cuirass is of the velvet, cut double breasted. The neck finished with a high, round collar and lappels. A deep silk fringe, heavily knotted, trims elegantly the bottom of the overdress. This is the most elegant costume we have seen for some time.

We noticed, among our fashions from abroad, a hat of dark violet-colored felt. The deep border is turned up high at the right side, and also in front. It was bordered with a trimming of black ostrich feathers. Short ostrich tips of lighter violet, tipped with white, are placed in front and curl gracefully on toward the back. A cluster of palest pink rosebuds, almost white, with just a blush in the heart, are placed at the side where the rim is looped.

A hat of black velvet had a drooping brim, edged with a fluting or pleating of white crepe lisse. A black and white ostrich plume curled over the crown, fastened in front with a brilliant cardinal bird. A scarf of black twilled silk, lined with white crepe de chine, is passed carelessly about the crown and tied in a bow at the back, falling in ends of irregular length over the shoulders. Two very dark crimson buds, with petals slightly frosted, are placed just back of the left side, and droop downwards. This hat is intended for carriage wear, or the theatre or opera, being very striking, but too prominent for the promenade.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A fancy in necklaces is what is termed a "riviere" of diamonds, the largest being in front, the smallest at the back; a locket or cross, richly studded with these gems, is suspended from it. We need not add that this fancy is confined to those who have deep pockets, well lined.

Very beautiful coral setts have lately been imported, of a pale pink; the setts composed of pendant earrings, sleeve buttons of beetles, roses, curiously carved bugs, and even spiders.

The coquettish little breakfast-caps, of the Charlotte Corday and Normandy shapes, are more than ever popular for morning wear. Those trimmed with bows of pale pink and blue ribbon intermingled with long streamers of each color are considered especially stylish.

The chatelaine and its numerous appendages, though not so fashionable as it was a year ago, is still considered a necessity by many, and there are several new designs and attachments for it. The handkerchief ring is especially pretty.

Sealskin turbans abound these wintry days.

Broad bands of dull Etruscan gold are the latest for bracelets.

Some of our ultra-fashionable belles are wearing bangles in full evening dress—these being of East Indian origin—bands of plain or chased gold worn high upon the arm above the elbow.

Gants de Suede, with four buttons, are worn by many in preference to kid for full dress. They are very durable.

A new style of jabot for the neck is to have the lace descend at the back of the neck in a sort of "V" shape, finished with a bow and ends, instead of the round standing ruche.

Shoulder knots of ribbon to match the sash, or bows upon the dress, are in vogue for evening costume.

High combs are still worn by many. Some are studded with small coral knobs or points.

Laced-up boots are very fashionable for children abroad, and low, broad heels.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JULIA R.—Point lace is very expensive, but is a valuable possession, and can be done up again and again by the French scourers.

MRS. J. R.—There are several establishments here for the making of hair jewelry. Certainly we can have any orders of the kind attended to for you.

ECONOMY.—You can very well turn your blue silk, and retrim it, causing it to appear almost like new, if it is all throughout as well preserved as the sample you have enclosed to us. Take out the grease spots with benzine. First cover them thickly with French chalk, afterwards use benzine.

MISS ANNETTE VERE.—The gray veil is still worn by those who desire to protect their complexions from the roughening effects of wind and frosty air. It has been quite fashionable in deep mourning for a season past to wear a square of pale-gray silky grenadine, mask fashion, across the face, while the crape veil was thrown back in heavy folds.

NIXON.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

BY J. P. P.

Husband, you are busy thinking,
Past and present ever linking;
Take a penny for the thought:—
Strike a bargain. Is it bought?
Let me know.

'Tis a fancy over-wrought!
Be it so.
I remember, long ago,
Cupid's dart
Struck my heart;
Cupid caught me unaware;
On the landing of a stair,
Strung his bow,
And I'm still acutely feeling
(For the wound is never healing)
All the smart
Of the blow.

And a maiden fresh and fair,
Sitting yonder in the chair,
Saw him do it:
Held me by her eyes and hair—
By the magic of her air—
Held me there
While he drew it.
Now you know,
Pay for hearing!—Only this:
But a penny!
Take it back, and give—a kiss,
One of many.

CLARA'S VALENTINE.

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

"Come new moon, true moon, tell unto me,
Whether I'm to have any one, or any one me,
If I am, let me see him in my first sleep."

"What is all that, Clara?"

Clara Denham looked around at her companion with a blushing face.

"Did I speak aloud?" she asked.

"Yes, and I should be glad to know what kind of incantation you were practicing, and what is its design. I didn't know I had an idolater among my pupils."

"Don't ridicule me, please, Miss Tresham. I am silly enough, I dare say, at all times; but I don't often *think aloud*."

"I am not disposed to ridicule you at all, and as I am so little older than yourself, I beg to be initiated into the secrets of your spell."

"It is simply a piece of nonsense I have heard girls repeat when first seeing the new moon. Then the one you dream about is to be your future husband."

"Thanks. But since I have seen it already, I must wait another month to learn my destiny, unless, indeed, it be decided to-morrow."

"Is there any probability of it?"

"Undoubtedly, if we may credit the testimony of our ancestors. To-morrow, you know, is Valentine's day. Well, it is still a custom in some countries to regard the first unmarried person of the opposite sex you see walking on that day, as your future partner. If we all believed this, wouldn't we try to let somebody see us first to-morrow?"

"I expect so," was the laconic, if not perspicuous reply, as the two girls relapsed into silence.

The young ladies introduced to you, dear reader, are Miss Emma Tresham—the very young teacher of the village school—and Clara Denham, her oldest pupil and bosom friend. They have been shopping this Friday afternoon, and are returning home in the balmy hour of southern winter twilight. Miss Tresham forming one of Squire Denham's family.

The village of Byefield is not a fast place, nor has it yet been able to attract the notice of Prof. Mitchel, the geographer, still it is not a myth. It is a railway station, around which stand a half dozen stores, with, perhaps, a dozen residences placed back of the business street. It also boasts of a hotel, and a church, and an old barracks, dignified with the appellation of, and used as a jail. One-fourth of a mile from the station stands the unimposing frame residence of Squire Denham, who, by the way, is proprietor of the biggest store in town.

As the people of this ambitious village still preserved the simplicity of manner characterizing all rural populations, the whole community were sound asleep long before the midnight hour. Perhaps Clara Denham was not the only one of the Byefield girls who felt some curiosity as to the form her dreams should assume on this particular night. Be that as it may, she and her teacher, who shared her bed, were soon locked in the arms of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer,"

unconscious

Of yesterday's sorrows,
And hopes of to-morrow.

When the two o'clock train came in the whistle of the locomotive awoke Clara from a sound sleep, and she remained awake for some time, endeavoring to recall her dreams, and speculating as to whom she should first see in the morning.

This Clara Denham is not held up as a model for either young or old, but an observation of more years than I care to acknowledge, has taught me that the demurest misses and primmest old maids are guilty of some curiosity respecting the "coming man."

Presently, our wakeful damsel heard loud shouting, which was evidently coming nearer. In a minute more she could distinguish the words, "Stop thief! stop thief!" in the tumult of voices.

Without a thought of her sleeping companion, she sprang out of bed, and threw up the sash of her window. By the dim light of the stars she saw a man walking rapidly past, or rather running, while three or four others were following close behind him. They had barely passed the house, when cries of "Surrender" reached her ears, and then she saw them go back toward the station, with a prisoner in their midst. The family were by this time aroused, but all being quiet, they returned to their beds. It was not till near daylight that Clara and her teacher slept again, but we must do them the justice to say that all remembrance of the previous afternoon's conversation had, for the time, been erased from their minds. Only after-developments recalled it.

When Saturday morning, February 14th, 18—, dawned upon the generally quiet village of Byefield, said village was enjoying a first-class sensation. There had been a robbery—almost a murder—the night before. As Dr. Bateman, who had got off the train, was going home he was knocked down within fifty yards of the station, and robbed of several hundred dollars and his watch.

Some persons about the station had heard the scuffle and arrived on the ground just in time to see the perpetrator of the dastardly deed making off with his booty. He was pursued and captured, and brought back to jail. Strangely enough, he was a well dressed young man, instead of the "rough" his captors expected to see. His person was searched and a sum of money and a watch were found in his coat pocket that corresponded with those taken from Dr. Bateman. Notwithstanding the fact that the young man denied the crime, and asserted that he, too, was in pursuit of the thief, his asseverations of innocence were regarded as only the tricks of a sharper, and he was locked up till morning, when he would have a preliminary trial before Justice Denham. The wounded doctor was assisted home, and though his injuries were found to be less serious than at first supposed, he could not identify the robber.

Morning came, and the little room in which Squire Denham adjusted the scales of justice, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The squire, deeply impressed with the importance of his office, and overwhelmed with his own dignity, took his seat, and in a pompous tone commanded that the prisoner be brought in. When he entered, escorted by the constable, even the bench was struck with the dignity of his appearance, yet the general verdict was that he was a thoroughbred highwayman, one could see that at a glance. His face was calm, however, and some even thought they detected a covert smile about his lips, as the formal charge was read, wherein it was made to appear that "a man, calling himself Darrel Hampton, had, with murderous intent, attacked Dr. J. G. Bateman, etc., etc.," winding up with the usual question, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," was the clear and unhesitating reply.

Then the trial began. Witness after witness was called who testified that, attracted by the noise of the attack on Dr. Bateman he, with others, had hastened to the spot in time to see the prisoner run away, that they had followed in pursuit, never losing sight of him till he was captured just beyond Squire Denham's residence. Then came Dr. Bateman, who recognized the watch as a new one bought the day previous by himself, and identified most of the bank bills found on the prisoner. The court had already decided as to the guilt of the prisoner, when he put the formal question:

"What have you to offer in your defence?"

"Simply my own statement," was the ready reply. "I am a stranger here. I have a cousin somewhere near here, teaching school. I came here for the purpose of buying land, as my cousin informed me that there were one or two farms for sale in this vicinity. When I got off the train last night, I inquired of some one—I don't know who—the way to the hotel. A porter took my valise, and I was walking along alone, enjoying a quiet smoke, when I heard a blow and a fall in the rear of a building on my right. Passing around the building, I saw the real robber raise himself from over the body of his victim. Perhaps he heard my footsteps, for he started off on the run. I followed as rapidly as possible, and soon heard others behind me in the pursuit. Once or twice I was nearly able to secure my man, but some inequality of the ground favored him, and I lost what I had gained. Just at the point where I was overtaken, he left the road I think—at least he vanished from my sight. I was overhauled, to my surprise was charged with the theft, and you know the rest. I wish to telegraph for my father and brother to give bail for me, for I think I see you have decided to commit me. Let me first, however, ask these witnesses if I did not tell them, at the time of my capture, that I was in pursuit of the thief?"

But the small amount of corroborative evidence thus obtained, strengthened as it was by the testimony of the landlord and porter of the hotel relative to the valise, was deemed of no weight whatever. Innocent the prisoner might be, but innocent or guilty his fate was sealed so far as that court had power to decide it.

Esquire Denham was in the act of committing the prisoner to jail, in default of the heaviest bail required by the statute, when there was a slight commotion at the door, and Clara Denham, hurried and excited, burst into the room.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "I have found the robber!"

"Where is he?" demanded the court, while the prisoner cast an admiring look at the flushed face of the girl.

"In the old well, back of our garden!"

The constable, with a posse, was sent to investigate the matter, while Clara gave her version of the discovery.

"I had been to Aunt Nellie's, and was coming home across the old field, when I noticed the covering of the old well was broken through. Looking in, I saw a man down there up to his knees in the water, trying to climb out. I asked him what he was doing there, when he cursed me and threatened to shoot me if I did not go away and leave him alone. I know he is the man who robbed the doctor, for he looks just mean enough to do it. I hope you will let this gentleman go free, for I know he is not guilty."

"Don't jump at conclusions, my dear," said her father. "If you have discovered the real robber, of course Mr. Hampton will be freed; but let us patiently wait till the constable returns."

In due time that functionary appeared, having in custody a villainous-looking man, whose clothes, as well as his hands and face, were torn and covered with mud. But a search of his person failed to reveal any of the stolen property.

"Did you search in the well?"

Two voices asked the question—the voices of Hampton and Clara Denham.

"No," said the constable.

The court acted upon the hint, and the constable was again dispatched to the old well. When he returned, he held in his hand a tin box, which contained the doctor's money—even the pocket-book itself—and his watch, together with a slung shot, pistol, etc., all of which had been concealed in a cavity dug out in the clay wall with a pocket-knife. The proof was so overwhelming, that the last prisoner confessed his guilt, and stated that he was so closely followed by his pursuers that he left the road in hopes of eluding them. A few steps further, and he was precipitated in the old well, but, fortunately, was not hurt. That he had hidden the money, expecting to climb out if he could, if not, to call for assistance, and pretend to have fallen in while drunk, etc.

We may as well state here that he was tried for the offence, and sent to the Penitentiary for a term of years.

When Mr. Darrel Hampton was released from custody, he accepted an invitation to dine with Esquire Denham. Before the dinner hour he and Clara were great friends, and it fell to her lot to introduce the stranger to her teacher. She was forestalled in this, however, by her guest starting forward, upon the entrance of the other, exclaiming:

"How are you, Cousin Em?"

"Cousin Darrel, I declare!" cried the teacher, as she returned his salutation. "When did you arrive?"

"Last night," was the reply. "I should have called earlier, but the citizens of this village were so overjoyed at my appearance, that they insisted on boarding and lodging me at the public expense, and I have just been able to free myself from their well-meant kindness. In other words, I have been in jail!"

"*In jail!* Is it possible *you* were the man they suspected of the robbery?"

"I was the man; and, had it not been for your friend, Miss Denham, I might have gone to States prison for it."

"Have you come to buy the farm I wrote to you about?"

"Yes; if it is still in the market. Didn't I write you I was coming?"

"I never received the letter."

The summons to dinner put an end to this conversation.

Mr. Hampton remained all the afternoon, and, when the girls were preparing to retire, Miss Tresham asked, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes:

"What do you think of your Valentine?"

"My Valentine? What do you mean?"

"Whom did you see *on foot* first, this morning?"

Clara blushed, as she replied:

"Very well, so far."

The farm was bought, and Mr. Hampton took charge in person. Of course, he became Clara's attendant; and it was plain what the end would be.

Some months afterward, Miss Tresham said:

"Clara, my plan was better than yours for reading the future. May I be bridesmaid?"

"Yes, I reckon, if you won't tell it yet."

"Tell what?"

"*I'll* tell you, Cousin Em. Clara has agreed to take me for a permanent Valentine, in accordance with your wise prediction of last winter. Sam Winston will stand up with *you*—so now run along and leave us in peace."

INTUITIVE PERCEPTIONS OF WOMEN.—We will say nothing of the manner in which the fair sex usually conduct an argument; but the *intuitive judgments of women* are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Time without number we have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which we have been poring over for hours, perhaps with no other result than to find ourselves getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these facts less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to instinct, and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to *tell how she got there*. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife, stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her.

AFFECTION.—On the proper and complete exercise of the affections alone, the best happiness of life depends; and as the meanest scrap of gauze, or bead, or of tinsel, looks beautiful and costly through the reflecting mirror of the kaleidoscope, so does the most common and dreary scene acquire attraction and value when beheld through the beautifying medium of gratified affection.

LIKE the rainbow, peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven. Heaven bathes it in hues of light; it springs up amid tears and clouds, it is a reflection of the eternal sun; it is an assurance of calm; it is the sign of a great covenant between Providence and man it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light.

IF men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, **$1.00**; six months, **$1.50**; one year, **$3.00**. CLUBS—*Four copies*, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight copies*, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: **$2.50** each.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Garson's Two Sins. The Man the Signor Made. My Boarders. A Hero-Woman. A Romance of the Revolution. Crushed.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 26, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. Y. C. (Grantville).—We are unable to answer your questions, as they are of an official character. Write to the Second Assistant Postmaster General, Hon. John L. Routt, Washington, D. C.

F. M. E.—To remove tattoo marks, blister the part with a plaster a little larger than the mark; then keep the place open with a green ointment for a week; finally dress it to get well. As the new skin grows, the tattoo-marks will disappear.

JENNIE.—You had better not try to get rid of your moustache, for two reasons. First, the attempt will be sure to inflict on you pain and disfigurement; and second, the natural possession of that soft fringe of hair upon the upper lip, which causes you so many heartaches, is deemed an object of attraction, if not a mark of beauty, by many men.

PERPLEXED.—Pray take a little time for consideration before you make up your mind to act. There is a homely phrase which talks about jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Don't you do that. Rather listen to the great poet's suggestion, to the effect that it may be better to

"Bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

A BOY READER.—You want us to tell you "how to paint magic lantern slides." Cut a piece of paper the size of the glass, and draw your subject upon it; fix this to the glass with paste at each end; then, with fine black paint, mixed with varnish, draw lightly the outline of the sketch on the glass, using a fine camel-hair pencil. When dry, fill up the other parts with transparent colors, manufactured for the purpose, and which you can procure of any artists' color store.

JEMIMA.—We believe that your ideas of a lover are far too romantic for realization. You evidently wish to marry some ideal being—an angel without wings—that has not yet been created, and that is the reason why you cannot find a lover to suit you. Look at men as they really are, with many of the faults and failings of our common humanity about them, and pick out the steadiest; otherwise, we caution you that you will adorn that proverbial shelf on which they deposit old maids.

MAYOURNEEN.—We shall be very happy to get for you a good work on etiquette, on receipt of $1 50, which will cover postage. (2.) We do not know where you can find the lines you quote. (3.) The expression, "Gone where the woodbine twineth," is not "a piece of poetry," but simply a slang phrase which was first used in New York some two or three years ago, and was intended to signify that whatever was referred to—such as a sum of money, for instance—was irrecoverably and hopelessly gone, lost, spent, or otherwise made away with in some mysterious and underhand manner.

IDA.—You are not too young to have a lover, but it should be with the full knowledge and consent of your parents. Perhaps they think the one you have chosen is too young, or his circumstances may not render him a suitable match. If neither is the case, let him wait upon your parents, and explain his intentions. We cannot assist you in your wishes, as it would be contrary to the principles we have consistently followed, and yours is one of those cases in which our former advice is really the best remedy. If you are certain of your lover's affection—which appears to us to be sincere—the time passed in waiting for each other would be a great advantage, for it would not only enable him to improve his present position, and provide the better for his future home, but it would enable you to complete your education, and so render you more useful to your intended husband in after life.

FAITHFUL.—As a matter of course, a young man should not think of marriage until he either possesses an income sufficient to maintain a wife, or else has prospects so well assured that he does not feel his position to be in the least degree precarious. Courtship is a probationary affair in the most important of human experiences. If a young man begins his course in the world with the love of an amiable girl, the fact is one which ought to cheer him—indeed, to inspire him with confidence, so that he may look forward to the period when he shall call her his own. In such circumstances he will make every effort to succeed in business or whatever line he has chosen, for he feels there is one who is ever ready to recompense him for his industry with her smiling admiration. A sincere and early-formed affection, protracted in regard to time, is also a great preservative against many evil temptations to which young men are exposed, especially in large cities; so that a somewhat prolonged engagement is in many cases very far from being an evil.

J. P. S.—We are indebted to the kindness of an old and valued friend, one who has been a regular subscriber to THE POST ever since 1832, for the following information: "In answers to correspondents, of your issue of December 19, 1874, you state to inquiry of 'Teacher,' that 'the first public school in the American Colonies was established at Philadelphia, on February 13th, 1698.' In the *Gazette and Courier*, a paper published at Greenfield, Mass., under date of April 23d, 1857, appeared an article headed: 'The First Public Free School in the World.' I extract from the same the following: 'Massachusetts unquestionably was the pioneer in the Public Free School system. The first Public School in Boston was established in 1635. Some forty years ago, an inquisitive schoolmaster in Dorchester, who had something of a penchant for antiquarian research, found, among the archives of the First Parish, a royal octavo Latin dictionary, and, on one of the fly-leaves, was this record, viz: "In 1628, one Mr. Conant, from England, taught a school in Mattapan, since called Dorchester." Although Dorchester was not incorporated till 1630, there was delegated from the Colonial authorities of the freeholders of Mattapan to raise money by a tax upon the inhabitants for the support of a public school within their precincts; and the same was taught by the aforesaid Mr. Conant from England.' So to Dorchester, Mass., belongs the honor of having established the first Public Free School, not only of the Colonies, but of the world."

AMBITIOUS.—We are always delighted to be of any assistance to any one who like you is desirous of improving his mind, and who endeavors to make up for the deficiencies of his education by hard study. You say that you want to study languages, but that people have told you there is no use in your attempting it if you have no "talent for languages." The abused idea that what is popularly called a talent for languages is necessary (like "an ear for music") to qualify one for the study, hinders many from making the attempt. Certainly, it is a fine thing to have the talent, but it is not indispensable. Though there may be no *talent* for languages latent in a mind, there may be a great *love* for them, and, better still, there may be industry, and when these exist, joined to common intelligence, there is every guarantee that a language may be speedily acquired. We cannot agree with you in what you say regarding the great difficulty attending the acquisition of German, for we never could see in what respect German was harder than French. There are so many words in German almost identical with their equivalents in English, that a beginner at once learns something. We shall be happy to procure for you and send you the "Self-Instructor" you speak of, if you wish us to do so.

J. E. S. (Tamaqua).—You are wrong in saying that baldness is hereditary. We know that it is so maintained by some, but a greater mistake never was made; and the consequence of such an impression is to prevent the adoption of measures likely to restore the vitality of the hair, which, in numerous instances, is not destroyed, but slumbering, only for the want of being called into action. Baldness arises from a variety of causes, the most conspicuous being either a relaxation of the cutaneous vessels, mostly occurring after fevers, when the proper restorative power is a course of tonics and cold bathing, or it often arises from a cause, the opposite to this, when the bulbs or roots receive little or no nourishment, and, in consequence, the hair becomes dry and brittle, especially at the apex or crown of the head, when the following treatment, if persevered in, will to a certainty restore the hair, providing vitality is not destroyed: Get some boxwood shavings, boil a handful in one pint of water for twenty minutes, the strain and set aside for use. It should be applied two or three times a week, in conjunction with the following restorative balm: Yolk of two eggs; best honey, two ounces; salts of tartar, two ounces; lemon juice, two ounces; almond oil, two ounces; rose-water, four ounces. Dissolve the salts of tartar in the lemon-juice till the effervescence ceases; rub the yolks of eggs and honey together; and, lastly, the other ingredients, till all appear of a consistence. It is positively affirmed that this preparation has been found successful in many instances of baldness. A small quantity is to be well rubbed in at bedtime, and washed or brushed out the following morning.

E. B. W. (Philadelphia).—The poems of Ossian, as they exist in English, are a translation of certain traditionary songs or ballads which, for many centuries, have been preserved in the Celtic tongue. They have been transmitted from father and son, as the productions of a native bard of a very early time. In almost every instance these have never existed in manuscript, but have been treasured up in the memory of successive generations as the unwritten literature of the language. About 1760, they were collected from the lips of the Gaelic peasantry in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, by Mr. Macpherson, a Scottish gentleman, and by him translated into English. The work gave rise to much controversy; many persons ascribed the authorship of the poems to Macpherson himself, and accused him of having invented Ossian and his minstrelsy to give publicity and sale to his own work. Many of the leading literary men of the day took part in the discussion; and the celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair has left an interesting treatise, which vindicates Macpherson's assertions. Ossian was the son of Fingal, the supreme judge of the Caledonians. The time when he flourished was probably from the middle of the third to the beginning of the fourth century, as he lived to an extreme old age. He dwelt, most probably, in the mountainous districts of Caledonia; and although he has been claimed as an Irish poet, yet there is abundant evidence to prove that his songs are not of Irish origin. These poems are useful on account of the light which they throw on the customs of our northern ancestors, as also on the first peopling of Ireland, and its early history. Their beauty consists in the simple and touching pathos which pervades many of the passages, and in the extreme fitness and diversity of the metaphor.

EX-SOLDIER.—If you have lost your discharge papers, without which you cannot enter land under the Homestead Law, the following is the only proper method to correct the loss: An act of Congress, approved March 3, 1863, authorizes the War Department to issue duplicate discharges, when one has been lost or destroyed without the privity of the soldier. Before a duplicate discharge can be issued, the War Department requires an affidavit of the soldier that he has lost his discharge, and that he has diligently searched for it and cannot find it. Affidavits from two or more reliable persons (officers of his former company preferred), establishing his identity, must also be furnished. All affidavits forwarded must have the certificate of a court of record, showing that the civil officers before whom the oath was administered were duly authorized to administer oaths. The papers should be sent to the office of the adjutant general. In addition, we have been informed duplicate of a lost discharge would be issued by the adjutant general of the State in which the soldier enlisted, by sending to him his name in full, State, county, town, the place and date of enlistment, date of discharge, and the number of his regiment and company. Under the instructions of the general land office the soldier, upon entering land, must prove himself to take land under the law, and produce "certified copies of certificates of his discharge, showing when the party enlisted, and when he was discharged; or, if these cannot be produced, then satisfactory evidence on these points." Since the meaning of the words "satisfactory evidence" is rather obscure, and might be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain, it would in all cases of lost discharges be better to procure copies of them before attempting to enter land.

MISCELLANEOUS.—R. A. P.—There is no record that we can find of the first case of hanging either in the United States or Europe. C. MARNEES.—We can send you the "Taxidermist's Manual" for two dollars. It will give you the fullest instructions on skinning and stuffing birds and animals. MORRISANIA.—A man can hold the office of President of the United States for as many terms as the people chose to elect him, though none have ever yet held it for more than two. TIRESIS.—It is as much a mystery to us as it is to you what Portia did mean in the sentence you quote. GOCKNEY.—Lord Palmerston died on Wednesday, October 18th, 1865. SUPPERER.—Rheumatism is generally curable, but there are inveterate cases which sometimes defy all the physician's skill. S. D.—A woman, when divorced, should resume her maiden name. A. L. E.—We very much regret we are unable to give you the desired information, but we know nothing regarding the parties. S. M. A.—It is quite a matter of taste which is the more attractive, a fair or a dark beauty. EDWARD M.—If a MS. does not come up to our standard for publication, we cannot possibly take it upon ourselves to "revise and correct it for the press." That is a little too much to expect of us.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Subscribers, by the first of February, 1875.

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have also determined to INCREASE the amounts of the Premiums offered, as follows:

One hundred and twenty-five—$125.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list;

Seventy-five—$75.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the second largest list;

Twenty-five—$25.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the third largest list, by the THIRTY-FIRST (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST.

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every subscription received on his or her order.

Additional specimen copies and blanks will be sent to those who desire to procure subscribers.